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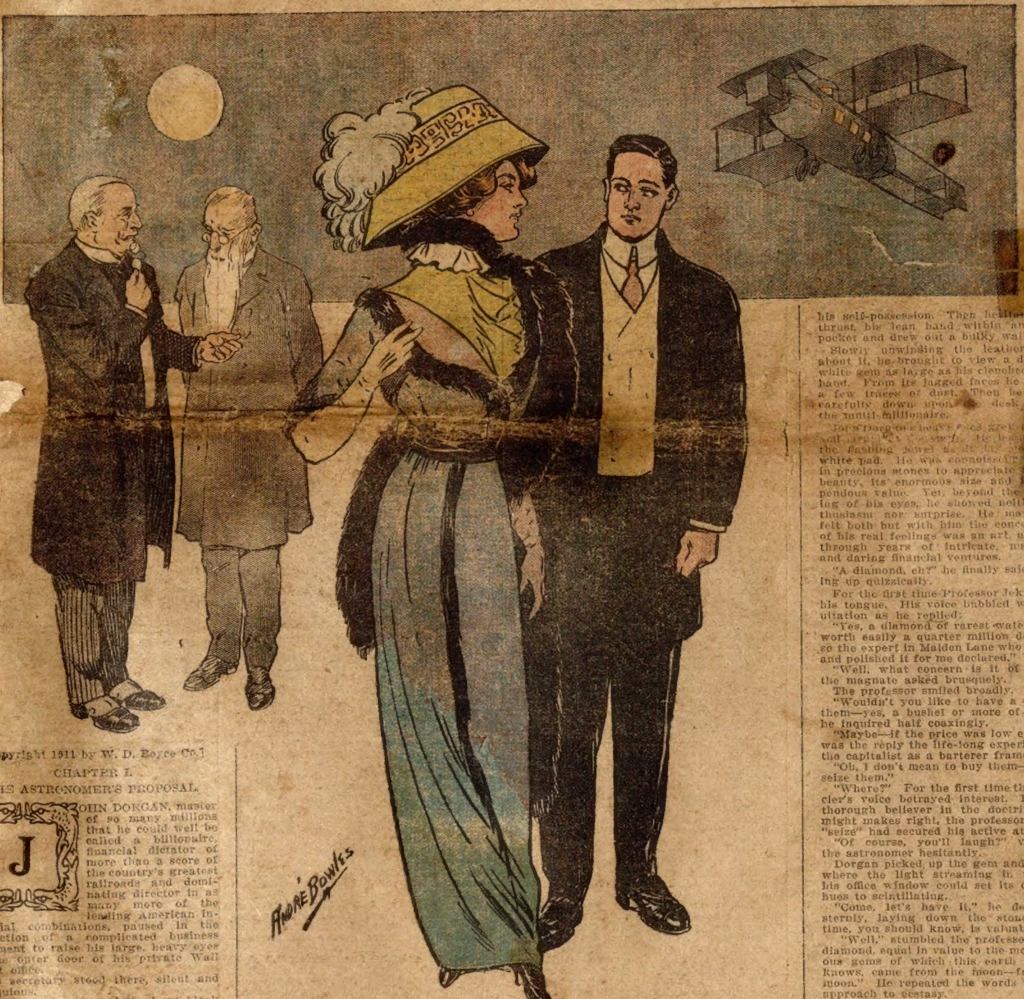
Conquest of the Moon;

Or, THE AIRSHIP'S CARGO OF DIAMONDS

By George T. Hargreaves



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CHAPTER I.

THE ASTRONOMER'S PROPOSAL.

JOHN DORGAN, master of so many millions that he could well be called a billionaire, financial dictator of more than a score of the country's greatest railroads and dominating director in as many more of the leading American in- trial combinations, paused in the ection of a complicated business nment to raise his large, heavy eyes the outer door of his private Wall et office.

is secretary stood there, silent and equious.

he magnate removed the huge black ar from his lips, rested it carelessly the edge of his massive mahogany k and looking up again demanded ffly:

Well, what it is now, Raymond?"

I dislike to disturb you, sir, but the tleman is so insistent on seeing you t I thought you had better know," lained the secretary.

Who is he anyway? Crank or beg- ?"

He gave me no card. Says he has e. But he claims to be Professor yll of Harvard, the noted astron- r."

Does he look it?" The trace of a le flitted the financier's face as he k a comforting whiff from his cigar blew a sheet of smoke into the air head.

W ll, he's tall an' gaunt and white- and looks as if he might have all his nights in star gazing.'

asked his business here?"

"Yes, sir," responded Raymond. "But he declared he wouldn't tell it to any one but yourself and that if you didn't listen to him, you'd miss the greatest chance of your lifetime."

John Dorgan sighed heavily. He was hounded by cranks and impecunious inventors and beggars and visionary students for aid in all sorts of chimerical schemes, until he was forced to refuse to receive any one in private without knowing definitely beforehand their antecedents, their character and their purpose.

On first thought he was for turning this present caller abruptly away. To listen to him would probably be a waste of time and time—to him—was really money. Yet an astronomer? He must be a new type of the genus freak. He'd listen to the visitor for five minutes.

"Show him in," he instructed his secretary and turned back to the figured sheet before him.

In a minute Professor Jekyll stepped gingerly into the presence of the great financier. The rich Oriental rug beneath his feet felt like down, the rare paintings on the wall startled him with the freedom with which the female form was displayed, the magnificently carved furniture looked too luxurious for use.

But his embarrassed inspection was quickly terminated by the staccato tones of Dorgan:

"Well, sir, and what's your mission?"

The learned Professor Jekyll who had astounded the world for fifteen years by the marvelous discoveries he had made in the heavens, who had studied the planets and stars across millions of miles of space, actually trembled in the presence of this man of greed and money.

It took him quite a moment to recover his self-possession. Then hesitantly he thrust his lean hand within an inner pocket and drew out a bulky wallet.

Slowly unwinding the leather strap about it, he brought to view a dazzling white gem as large as his clenched white hand. From its jagged faces he rubbed a few traces of dust. Then he set it carefully down upon the desk before the multi-millionaire.

John Dorgan's heavy face grew somber [illegible]. He [illegible] the flashing jewel as it [illegible] white pad. He was connoisseur enough in precious stones to appreciate its rare beauty, its enormous size and its stupendous value. Yet, beyond the widening of his eyes, he showed neither enthusiasm nor surprise. He may have felt both but with him the concealment of his real feelings was an art, acquired through years of intricate, mammoth and daring financial ventures.

"A diamond, eh?" he finally said, looking up quizzically.

For the first time Professor Jekyll used his tongue. His voice bubbled with exultation as he replied:

"Yes, a diamond of rarest water. And worth easily a quarter million dollars—so the expert in Maiden Lane who ground and polished it for me declared."

"Well, what concern is it of mine?" the magnate asked brusquely.

The professor smiled broadly.

"Wouldn't you like to have a peck of them—yes, a bushel or more of them?" he inquired half coaxingly.

"Maybe—if the price was low enough," was the reply the life-long experience of the capitalist as a barterer framed.

"Oh, I don't mean to buy them—just to seize them."

"Where?" For the first time the financier's voice betrayed interest. Being a thorough believer in the doctrine that might makes right, the professor's word "seize" had secured his active attention.

"Of course, you'll laugh?" ventured the astronomer hesitantly.

Dorgan picked up the gem and held it where the light streaming in through his office window could set its dazzling hues to scintillating.

"Come, let's have it," he demanded sternly, laying down the stone. "My time, you should know, is valuable."

"Well," stumbled the professor, "that diamond, equal in value to the most famous gems of which this earth of ours knows, came from the moon—from the moon." He repeated the words with an approach to ecstasy.

John Dorgan lifted his eyes, narrowed to slits, to the face of his caller. He studied the pale, stern features of the man of science for some sign of deceit or charlatanry but found none. He glanced at the dazzling stone again. Then he said quietly:

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Dorgan," began the astronomer, for the first time speaking freely, "for fifteen unceasing years I have studied the moon through my powerful telescopes out on a deserted Arizona mountain. Nightly since the year nineteen hundred—fifteen years now almost to a day—I have forgotten all else except that round ball of light that the poets call Luna and that we astronomers since the days of the first telescope have dubbed the 'dead world.' But the fifteen years have not been spent in vain. This"—and he pointed with enthusiasm to the gem—"is my reward. But there are more of them up their awaiting me and I want to go and get them."

Half-puzzled, half-incredulous, the capitalist looked with keen scrutiny into the rapt face of his caller. This man, he thought, has evidently sacrificed the poise of his mind by too much midnight musing on the heavens. Yet his glorious jewel? How came he by that? And might there not be more where it came from? Dorgan's covetous soul had already prompted the desire to be possessed of a "bushel of them."

"But how, my dear man, are you ever to get any more of these—if there are any—from out of the moon?" he asked scoffingly.

Professor Jekyll overlooked the incredulity in the rich man's tones. Instead, he leaned far over and whispered into the magnate's ear:

"With an aeroplane, Mr. John Dorgan, and I want you, with your immense wealth, to help me finance the expedition and to share in the profits and glory of the enterprise."

CHAPTER II.

ERUPTIONS ON THE MOON.

John Dorgan spread his hand across his face to conceal the smile that he could not entirely suppress. He really wanted to laugh outright, but the distinguished name of his visitor led him to check so open an affront.

"You are telling me a rather remarkable story, Professor Jekyll," he said when he had composed his features. "You could hardly blame me for being skeptical about it without some further substantiation."

"Just what I thought—just what I thought," sighed the man of science with an air of dejection. "It's so remarkable that no one will believe it. And yet, I am so positive."

"Of course you have more proof than you have yet given me?" suggested the financier.

"Ah, sir, listen to me." The professor moistened his pallid lips with the tip of his tongue, like a hungry dog setting itself to an appetizing meal. Then he began:

"For forty years, Mr. Dorgan, I have studied the heavens. Its ways are as well known to me as the paths to school I used to tread as a boy. But ever since the aeroplane began to promise a development into a practical means of locomotion with the experiments of the Wright brothers, Curtiss, Farman, Moisant, and the other noted aviators who sprang into publicity back in the nineteen hundreds I have devoted my time and thought solely to the moon."

"Why, so, may I ask?"

"Well, the moon is but 240,000 miles away from us," the scientist went on, his tongue working more freely with the progress of his ideas, "and I have been nursing the belief that some day our aviation achievements would enable us to surmount the difficulties of a journey of that extent through space."

The listening capitalist drew long and thoughtfully on his cigar, but kept his eyes averted from the face of the speaker.

"But let me tell my story consecutively," continued the professor, who looked in vain for some sign of hope for his proposition in the countenance of the man of money. "As I have said, the moon, we students of the sky have held, has been a dead sphere for far longer than the telescope has been with us. She has been without atmosphere, without life, without light of her own. Her mighty mounts and vales have been one vast aggregation of thirsting rock that barred all animation—even that of the meanest crawling thing, the weakest slip of vegetation."

Dorgan looked up with more interest as the pallid, wrinkled face of the scientist warmed with a creeping pink as he unfolded his discoveries.

"But two weeks ago this night, as I stood gazing through my telescope at the moon as she soared directly overhead, I saw her deeply incrusted surface swell and heave over hundreds of miles. My heart stood still at the spectacle, for no human eye had ever seen the like. Then, as I prepared to prove the convulsion by means of the photographic plate, I looked again through the long tube and, lo, the rugged face of the sphere was screened with a mighty shower of flame. At first I thought a comet had flashed its way unexpectedly across the heavens and collided with Luna.

"I did not hold that thought long for my powerful glass soon caught the correct explanation. A giant crater, hundreds of miles in extent, had opened its massive jaws and was belching forth rocks that looked as big as States. Two hours later the eruption began to subside but the face of the moon as it has been known for centuries was completely transformed.

"Six days afterward, traveling along the rocky mountain road that leads from my observatory to my desert home, I came upon what I thought was a meteorite, as large as a pumpkin, lying deeply imbedded in the pathway. I knew it must have fallen within a few hours for I had traveled thousands of times that way and had never seen it before. My belief was confirmed when I got down from my horse for when I sought to kick it loose I found it blistering hot. Finally I managed to pry it clear. I kicked it into the shrubbery to let it cool and carefully marked the spot."

John Dorgan had edged forward in his chair and now sat, hands gripping his desk and eyes fixed intently on the glowing face of his visitor.

"Yes, yes, go on," he blurted as the professor stopped to recover his breath.

"Next day," continued the scientist as he reached over and ran his gaunt fingers across the shimmering surfaces of the great diamond, much as a doting father might caress the velvet cheek of a beloved daughter, "I carted the meteorite to my laboratory. It had cooled then and I broke it apart. From its very heart rolled out this gem. One sparkling side told me it was a real diamond. Tests proved it. But to be absolutely certain I hurried east with the precious find and had your city's best known lapidary grind and polish and estimate it. And here is the result."

Again the speaker fondled the precious stone.

"And what is your explanation?" demanded the financier, more stirred than he would have been by a panic in the stock market.

"That meteorite came out of the moon's eruption, sir—and where that came from there are thousands more."

"And you are for going after them. But how?"

"Last year, sir, when Babcock, our most daring aviator, carried ten people across the continent from New York to San Francisco in a continuous flight of twenty-four hours, it dawned upon me that human ingenuity would soon solve the imposing problem of a journey to the nearest heavenly body. I have now got to the point where I firmly believe such a trip feasible. I have talked with Babcock about it and find him of a similar mind."

"But, my good man," expostulated the millionaire, "you know far better than I that across the vast expanse separating the moon from our earth there is no air and that the temperature is Arctic cold."

"Ah, sir, I have figured on all that. Our airship will be airtight, made of aluminum and we will manufacture our own supply of fresh air as we go along."

"But think of the time it would require to make that journey of two hundred and forty thousand miles that you speak so calmly of."

"I have thought of it, sir," responded the professor, growing more confident as he proceeded. "We have estimated that our airship will be able to travel upward of two hundred miles an hour. At that sustained rate it would require but fifty days to make the journey there."

"And how about getting back?" quizzed the financier, half-amused, half-startled by the coolness with which his visitor spoke of his unprecedented proposal.

"Ah, that worries me not at all. If we can get there, you may trust us in getting back. And if we brought a ton or so of diamonds back with us, it would really be worth the risk, wouldn't it?" There was a pleading note in the astronomer's voice.

"And you really believe all this feasible?"

"Else I would not be foolish enough to risk my own life and that of others needlessly, would I?"

"But why ask me to help?"

"You, the greatest American financier, the friend of art and education, the contributor to all scientific advancement—whom should I go to but you?"

Had Professor Jekyll been a professional legal pleader, he could not have voice a more appealing phrase. That it was not without a subtle influence was shown by the magnate's next query.

"And how much do you estimate it will require to finance this expedition?"

"We should have a million dollars," was the prompt reply.

"Well, come in at this hour tomorrow and I will give you an answer," and John Dorgan rose abruptly to signify that the interview was at an end.

Professor Jekyll bowed and leaned over to pick up his diamond. But the capitalist warded off his hand and said:

"Just leave that here until you return tomorrow. Of course I will want the chance to test its value."

"Very well, sir," replied the astronomer. He glanced lovingly at the gem and then, turning, loped silently out of the room.

The door had barely closed before John Dorgan summoned his secretary.

"Send to Culver of Boston at once for a full report on Professor Adrian Jekyll of Harvard—with particular reference to his sanity. Use the wire both ways. And get Abraham Straus, the diamond appraiser, up here tomorrow. And Babcock, the aviator, likewise."

Raymond blinked, whether at the unusual requests of his superior or at the dazzling stone lying upon the desk it would be hard to say. But as he mumbled, "Yes, sir," and moved toward the door, the diamond still held his fascinated eye.

Alone, Dorgan sank back into his chair, elevated his feet to the top of his desk, imbedded his cigar firmly in his mouth corner and focused his heavy eyes on the gleaming jewel.

CHAPTER III.

DAWN OF A ROMANCE.

Lester Babcock, the greatest living aeronaut of his day—when new and daring accomplishments in aviation were so numerous that even the newspapers had difficulty in reporting them all—sat in his testing quarters on the plains of Hempstead, Long Island, dreamily glancing up and down the lines of his latest machine—the aeroplane of aluminum in which he had made successfully many times the journey to San Francisco and return since his initial trip a year before, and in which with the improvements he had just completed he planned to cross the Atlantic.

But, though his eyes were on the giant-winged car of the air, his thoughts were centered on a petite little person from whom he had parted in no gentle frame of mind a half-hour before.

Babcock was in love with Miss Virginia Larned. And well he might be for the dainty, charming creature had all the alluring traits of mind and manner sure to appeal to the imaginative brain of the aviator. Then, too, she had boundless money, being the orphaned heiress of an old New York millionaire. Not that Babcock cared for her because of her wealth. No, indeed. He had ample of his own. His inventions had brought him a continuous stream of gold until it had passed both beyond thought or desire. His own serious occupation, outside of consistant attendance on the fair mistress of "The Nookery"—as the broad Long Island estate of Miss Larned was called—was the daring development of the airship.

Babcock had known her now for a year, ever since that happy day when she rode up to his testing grounds in her big limousine car with her maiden aunt who served both as chaperon and companion.

With charming diffidence she had introduced herself and pleaded for an opportunity to make an ascent in his great new aeroplane. When he demurred because it was not quite ready to risk a woman's life in, she argued so prettily that Babcock finally consented and took her on a dash around the broad field.

"Of course I'm interested in the advancement of aviation as a science," she exclaimed smilingly as he handed her out of the car at the end of the flight. "But I really wanted to take this trip with you," she added mischievously, "so that I might boast of it among the girls in my set."

Thus the acquaintance of the two began. It developed into friendship when Miss Larned repeated her visits and into comradeship when the air pilot called betimes at the imposing home of which she was possessed and the pair, exchanging views and ambitions in the stately drawingrooms or on the broad verandas that overlooked the glistening waters of the sound, came to regard each other fondly.

But this day had seen their first serious disagreement. She had tried to insist that he cease the venturesome speed flight which he had undertaken with the purpose of maintaining a speed in excess of two hundred miles an hour. He had refused to agree to the request. She had sent him away in a tiff.

Deeply depressed, Babcock returned to the side of his cherished air machines. He could talk to them at least without the fear of misunderstanding or retort. It was thus that Professor Jekyll, hurrying from his conference with John Dorgan, found him.

"Well, I believe I've got him," the astronomer began with eyes shining with pleasure. He proceeded to detail his Wall street interview with the multimillionaire.

The aviator, usually enthusiastic over the project of a dash to the moon, was today strangely subdued.

"It all depends on you, now, sir," the professor ended. "Do you think you can do it?"

Babcock, eyes still set dreamily, shook himself and blurted:

"Oh, I suppose so."

The man of science looked up sharply.

"Why, what's the matter, young man?" he inquired solicitously. "Is there a death in the family or—are you in love?" The gaunt face veined with the trace of a grim smile.

The aeronaut rose slowly, shook himself as if to throw off his somber mood and striding to his desk drew down a set of rough plans. He spread them out upon one of his work benches and ran his eyes over the blue sheets.

"Well," he sighed, "you can't say 'go' too soon." Whereupon he entered feverishly into a further discussion of their proposed expedition.

"I showed these this morning to the builder who has helped me put together all my ships and he saw nothing to indicate that such a one as here laid out would not be perfectly buoyant and strong enough to carry the load we must take and to resist the fiercest blow," said Babcock.

"If I had any doubt at all," responded the professor, rubbing his long fingers across his wrinkled brow, "it is the ability of such an airship as this"—he nodded toward the plans—"to carry all our appliances and supplies. We must take food enough to last us for six months, our air-making outfit will be weighty though not bulky, and there must be room for the dozen members of the party to eat and sleep and work."

"Oh, those things are all provided for adequately," announced the aeronaut. "In fact, I concluded this morning that we could afford to add about ten feet to our airtight shell and fit the space up in staterooms so that the journey would not be without some approach to comfort."

"A capital idea," smiled the professor. "If these plans go through all right, I suppose you'll be for establishing a summer tour line to the moon."

"Oh, I'll leave that to the moneymakers," sniffed Babcock.

"I, too," said the astronomer. "If we can get safely back with a ton or two of diamonds, I'll need no more coin to effect the dream of my life."

"The dream of your life?" queried the aviator, looking up interestedly. "And pray, what may that be?"

"My boy," exclaimed the scientist after a glance up and down the long aeroplane house had satisfied him that no one was within hearing, "I want to be the founder of the greatest observatory and astronomical school in the world. I want to endow it with millions and millions of dollars so that after I and my work have passed, others as well equipped as I may take up the study of the heavens. You know that, though the press has long poked fun at me for my views, I firmly believe that some sort of humanity exists on the planet Mars. Of course I cannot prove it positively, but a telescope that millions of dollars could build would go far toward confirming my belief. To secure that confirmation is my waking dream. And who knows but that in another generation some daring spirit, building on the foundation that you and I shall lay, will be able to make that long journey of thirty-five and a half million miles across the charted heavens."

"That's mighty fine, professor," declared the aeronaut with an admiring glance at the glowing eyes of the astronomer. "And it's barely possible that such an achievement will startle the world even within our contracted day."

"No, my boy, I do not hope for that much in my shortening life. I am getting to be something of an old man, you know. The best that I am hoping for is that you and I shall be able to make the journey to the moon together and successfully."

"The moon? The moon?" a soft voice exclaimed behind them. "Surely, Mr. Babcock, you are not thinking of such a perilous venture as a flight to the moon?"

Surprised, both men turned to see Miss Larned, who had glided into the place unobserved, confronting them with widened, startled eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AVIATOR'S DISCOVERY.

The interruption sent a thrill through the aviator's lithe frame. Expressed in language it would have meant this: "Ah, she must love me, else why would she have followed me here from the Nookery after dismissing me so summarily? And

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she take such a deep in- n my welfare, anyway, if she some deep regard for me? Ah, ight only ask her to be my wife. e is leagues removed from me both money and in the social scale. n hoping just the same."

d he said as he stepped forward sp the dainty hand Miss Larned tended more in awe than in greet-

, Miss Larned, we have been dis- g such a trip. "Professor Jekyll the father of the idea. Let me uce him."

exchange of courtesies was no completed than Miss Larned again to the aeronaut. There grieved look in her face as she med:

t you've never even breathed an o me of such a preposterous thing attempt to reach the moon."

" replied Babcock apologetically, en't. You see——"

t I thought that you told me all plans," she pouted prettily.

e professor here put me under the st pledge of secrecy in this mat- xplained the aeronaut.

s, Miss Larned," the astronomer eered in an embarrassed way—for a hidebound old bachelor, he fairly ed before this picturesque on- t from a young woman whom he to be one of the richest heiresses land—"and I trust the young lady reserve the secrecy of an event neans so much to me—and to our l friend here."

need not fear about my breaking ws," she replied with a worried "for I wouldn't want Mr. Bab- name connected with an enter- of this kind when I know he'll not participant."

two men glanced at each other a look of pained surprise. Then ofessor, moving awkwardly to the f the aeroplane house, managed to rokenly: "Well, I think—I'll have ve that matter—for you to discuss ecide alone." Like an interloper he d away.

cock and the girl faced each other in the gray light of the long shed. oked miserable, she hurt.

urried over to make amends for my ueness in dismissing you this morn- she began after a pause. "And find you're intent on taking even r risks with you life." There was h in her gentle voice. "But you're cking now, aren't you, really," she on with a faint smile illuminating es, "when you talk of a trip to the "

sure that Professor Jekyll's repu- as an astronomer entitles his —daring and unprecedented though re—to consideration and trial," re- ed Babcock in tones wherein kind- was mixed with firmness. "And I it somewhat of an honor to be se- by him to execute the mechanics dash."

Larned's changing gray eyes ed and her red lips twitched as h seeking to conceal the real depth interest, she expostulated:

t such an attempt would be fool- —would mean certain death."

ell, I don't think any insurance any would want to sell a risk on fe if they knew I meditated par- ation in such an expedition," the aut answered lightly, for, while it ed his heart to note her evident in- in his safety, it pained him to see lly-hidden worry in her dear eyes. to be candid, I really don't antici- an unusual amount of danger."

t, really, you're not in earnest, are

she spoke she stepped forward and gloved fingers, extended in anxiety the truth, softly touched his sleeve. as it was, it sent his heart to ping anew.

ve given my promise to go," he said ly.

r pained eyes looked up at him as gh unable to understand fully his . The touch on his sleeve tightened he murmured almost inaudibly and eyes drooping to the ground:

ut I don't want you to go."

ster Babcock had faced perils in- erable in his ten years' experience sky flyer and not one of them had left him resourceless. Somehow— ome quick thought and act he had rived to extricate himself and reach safely. But the brain that amid dangers of the air was as clear as nclouded sky was now so confused incoherent that it could frame not a e word. He stood speechless and rrassed until Miss Larned, with a t shake of the hand upon his arm, ated:

say I don't want you to go."

eally," Babcock managed to whis-

ruly," she murmured as she lifted deep eyes till they looked squarely his.

felt his cheeks flush and his heart n its beating at her glance. Then, use in his joy at this new evidence gard on the part of this fair young an whom he had loved as an unat- ble prize he could think of nothing to say, he blurted:

hy?"

r answer her fair cheeks flamed and eyes that had drooped looked up shyly yet smilingly into his.

en, unconsciously, his hand closed the gloved one she had rested on arm. He pressed hers fondly as he ed over and whispered:

eally—really—Miss Larned, is it so?" t she only drew the toe of her y boot across the earthy floor while glance followed the movement.

he stood with his tongue vainly g to frame coherent words, a smile rest joy swept his tense face. He ed the little hand upon his sleeve more firmly. A new light, as of in- n, crept into his eyes.

know it now," he exclaimed Through busy days and dream- have thought of this but I afraid to hope it could ever curved his free arm about her and her gently to him. His now cannot keep pace with his thou

Notice to Readers.

Owing to another accident to the new Ledger Press, we are compelled to print a portion of this week's edition on the old press and of the former size. We regret this change and apologize to our readers, trusting we may not meet with further misfortunes of this kind. The popularity of the Ledger has increased its circulation to such immense proportions that our facilities are taxed to the utmost. Nevertheless, we hope to get the paper to its readers on time and in better style hereafter.—Editor.

"Miss Larned—Virginia—I see it all now. You love me, dearest, don't you? Love me as I love you?"

The girl, her eyes aglow, raised them shyly to his.

"Why, of course, you silly boy," she murmured fondly. "You'd have seen it months ago if you had had eyes for anything but your aeroplanes. I was really jealous of them."

"Dearest, I've had scarce another thought except of you for weeks."

"And now you won't take that foolish trip to the moon, will you, dear?" she asked solicitously.

"It's my sorest regret that you do not want me to go. But I must—I've promised."

"And you won't break a promise," she asked soberly, drawing away a bit, "even for me?"

"I can't, dearest, I can't."

"Then, sir, I'm going with you," and catching his face in her gloved hands, she tiptoed up and brushed her lips against his.

As the aeronaut sought to return the caress with interest, the door swung wide enough to admit the blue-capped head of a messenger-boy and a shrill voice rang out:

"Mr. Lester Babcock here?"

The aviator withdrew his arm reluctantly from about the dainty figure confronting him but did not release her hand as he snapped:

"Yes. What's wanted?"

"A telegram."

Babcock broke open the envelope and glanced at the two lines:

"Please call at my office in Wall street tomorrow (Thursday) morning about eleven. Important. (Signed)
"JOHN DORGAN."

"Well, I'm going to meet one of your millionaire friends tomorrow, dear." Babcock smiled as he held the message up for her to read.

"John Dorgan?" she exclaimed. "Why, he's the trustee of my father's estate. Papa was one of his partners, you know. A dreadfully stingy man, Lester. I have fairly to beg for money sometimes."

Babcock jotted down a reply to the message and dispatched the messenger. When he turned again to Miss Larned, she smiled archly and said:

"Is your business with him a secret too, Mr. Aviator?"

"No, dear, I presume it's about our moon trip. He is going to back Professor Jekyll's enterprise."

"Oh," she responded seriously. She thought for a moment till her eyes danced anew with mischief and she blurted in mock seriousness:

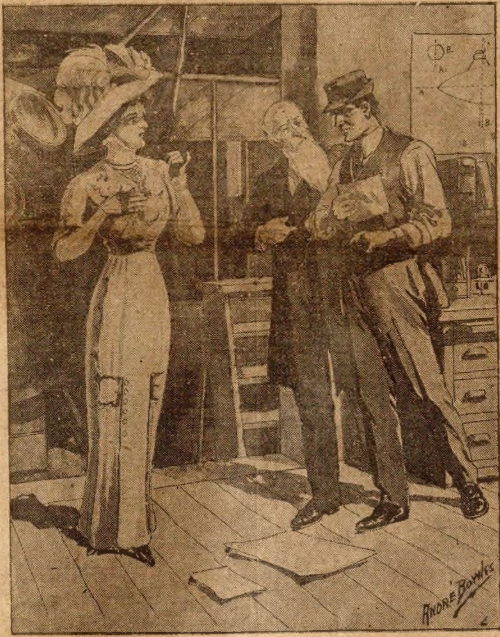
"I think I ought to tell you, Lester, that he is your rival."

Babcock clutched her hand as he asked mystified:

"How so?"

"Why, he never ceases to ask me to become his wife."

"A confirmed old bachelor of sixty as he is?" ejaculated the aeronaut. "Well, I can't blame him much," and he wrapped his strong arms about the girl and drew her tenderly to him.



"The moon? the moon?"

CHAPTER V.
THE MISSING DIAMOND.

John Dorgan's usual time for arriving at his office was ten o'clock. It had got to be one of the trite sayings of Wall street that the big clock over the outer doorway to his banking establishment must be out of order if it recorded ten and the long-serviced limousine car which the financier used when in town was not drawing up to the curb with the stern, strong face of the owner peering out of the window preparatory to alighting.

But on the morning following his interview with Professor Jekyll, the banker set the financial district in a fever of excitement and conjecture by reaching his office at nine. With a step sturdy despite his sixty active years, he bounded out of the automobile and mounted to his office, far in the rear of the busy rooms where a horde of clerks stood pop-eyed with amazement at the early and unexpected arrival.

"Raymond," he began as his secretary appeared to lay upon his desk overnight communications for his inspection, "have you heard from Boston yet?"

"You will find a report from Culver among the papers," the assistant replied.

"And the diamond appraiser?"

"Promises to be here at ten."

"And Babcock?"

"His reply to your message says he will be here at eleven."

"Very well, that's all now," and as the secretary retired the banker tossed the stub of a cigar he had been smoking into the cuspidor, selected another huge, black one from a compartment in his desk and lighted it hastily.

He drew a long whiff, settled himself in his chair and lifted from the mass of papers before him a long, yellow, typewritten sheet dated from Boston. His eyes glanced quickly over these lines:

"Yours regarding Professor Jekyll investigated. He is eccentric but sincere; the greatest astronomical expert of the age. He has many unique theories which he asserts he has proved but which other scientists have not as yet accepted. He has devoted himself for the past fifteen years to the study of the moon almost exclusively. He inclines to the belief that it is inhabited despite the holdings of all other sky scholars that it is a deadworld. He has invented a new instrument which he declares shows the presence of a tenuous atmosphere surrounding the moon. He holds it is sufficient to maintain life though probably not humans as vigorous as live on the earth. No one regards him as anything

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but strictly honest in all his beliefs. His discoveries and writings have netted him large sums which he religiously devotes to the advancement of his study. His fellows at Harvard have been looking for him to inaugurate some wonderful stunt and though it may sound extravagant they believe he will have ample and cogent reasons for it.

(Signed.) "CULVER."

"H'm," mused the financier. He looked unseeingly at the white statue of Hercules that ornamented a corner of the apartment. Then he read anew the lines: "His discoveries and writings have netted him large sums which he religiously devotes to the advancement of his study."

"Good," the stern, unyielding lips muttered, "I hope he hasn't a cent." Then he dipped energetically into the other papers before him.

A dozen times he summoned his secretary to receive his instructions for the business problems they presented. Half a score of times he glanced up at the tall clock confronting him. Half a dozen times he recalled himself from a dreamy study of the opposite wall to more thorough consideration of immediate business.

But more significant of an unusual frame of mind than all else was his seeming disregard for his cigar. Thrice he allowed it to lie so long on the edge of his desk that it went out and had to be relighted. Palpably John Dorgan's mind and nerves were involved with something of an extraordinary and distracting nature.

Once he rose and taking a ring of keys from a secret compartment in his desk strode covertly across the room to a bizarre painting that hung face high on the wall.

Shoving it gently aside he revealed a small steel door. He was about to insert one of the keys in the lock when he paused, poised his ear as if listening for an unexpected caller and strained his eyes toward the outer door.

His intention to open the secret receptacle evidently underwent a quick change for he allowed the picture to slide back to its place, fully concealing the steel door, hurried back to his desk and returned the bunch of keys to the compartment from which he had abstracted them.

As he dropped back into his chair, his keen eyes swept the room in a covert glance. A thin circle, about the size of a dime, showed white in his ruddy cheeks. Raymond, bringing the announcement that Abraham Straus, the diamond expert, was without, noted the two pallid spots and, struck by them, dimly remembered that he had seen John Dorgan look just that way several years before. Yes, he recalled the exact occasion now. It was when the gigantic scheme to corner the stock of the N. Y. & T. Railroad was exposed, and outraged investors threatened Dorgan with prison in charging that he had been instrumental in a secret, illegal issue of stock.

The financier received the diamond expert with none of the usual marks of greeting. He merely nodded him to a seat and, Raymond having silently retired, and began abruptly without looking up from his desk:

"Straus, I've called you for a purpose that is to be kept strictly between you and me. I want you to promise that in no event will you reveal what I here disclose to you until I have given you my permission. Do you agree?"

The banker looked up authoritatively to find his caller edging nervously forward in his chair.

"Of course, Mr. Dorgan," he began hesitatingly, "I don't want to make any promises that may——"

"I'll make no conditions, sir," interrupted the capitalist sharply. "Do you agree?"

"Well, I don't like to refuse a good customer like you," replied the expert apologetically. "I'll agree."

Dorgan's dominant tones softened a trifle as, tapping a pencil point occasionally into the desk pad as if to accentuate his words, he explained:

"Straus, I have come into possession of a most remarkable stone—how, it is unnecessary for our purposes for you to know. I wish to ascertain accurately what is value is and whether it varies greatly from the stones you are accustomed to handling. It happens to come from a new field."

"No man in New York, sir, is a better judge," responded the expert with a faint toss of the head in which pride was mingled with defiance.

Dorgan dropped his pencil to push the buzzer in his desk and to pick up his cigar. When the secretary appeared, he said:

"Bring in that package I placed in Box D in my personal compartment in the vault yesterday."

Raymond's mind intuitively summoned up a picture of the massive, shimmering

(Continued on page 15.)

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Imelda Arden's Crime;

Or, A Romance of the Ripwater

By WILLIAM T. BARTWICK

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A FADED ROSE.

TRUE it was, Imelda Arden was there to meet her enemies in open court.

Every one who had any connection with her escapade was duly astonished and mystified.

When last our hero had seen the girl she was masquerading in boy's togs. She was a girl of quick wit and had a vast fund of general good sense.

Calcraft would have gone to her at once, only that he was forestalled by Giles Kranbourne, who was soon at his ward's side, engaging her in a most animated whispered conversation.

From a distance glared the immaculate Mr. Troth, who showed his teeth in a sickly grin at the last.

Soon Miss Arden got up and quitted the courtroom.

When Legrand Troth glided from his seat and attempted to follow, the land-cruiser met him in the entry-way outside.

"You go back to your place inside," ordered Rand.

"I'm not taking orders from a jail-bird," sneered the Detroiter.

"You do as I say. That girl is nothing to you."

Rand had grasped the arm of Troth, and was pinching pretty hard. The glow in his gray eyes quite startled the millionaire.

"Why, yes, I'll go," he stammered, and back he went with the land-cruiser following closely after.

"There is no call for a jury in this case, your honor," said the defendant's lawyer. "The statute provides for such things, and there need be no trial whatever."

Such announcement was rather startling to the Detroit man's attorney.

It was followed up by an exhibition of papers and legal documents which proved beyond cavil that, although Giles Kranbourne made no denial of his indebtedness, it was simply impossible for him to meet the payments because of the fact that he had no assets, was in fact a penniless man.

His attorney showed to the satisfaction of the court that all his one time vast landed estates had been duly conveyed to one Imelda Arden, thus leaving the lumberman a comparatively poor man.

"Fraud! fraud!" objected the plaintiff's counsel.

A grim smile overspread the face of Kranbourne's lawyer.

"We have expected this, your honor, and will show to your satisfaction that this transaction took place long before Legrand Troth came into possession of these accounts."

"The girl Miss Arden is not of age," protested the other.

"We can easily prove that Imelda Arden is fully two years past her majority," came the retort.

There was a necessary thrashing out of legal points, ending finally in the complete vindication and victory of the defendant.

"And now, Rand," said the lumberman, after the heated debate was over, and the two were upon the street, "I want you to accompany me home. I have much to talk about with you."

Calcraft hesitated.

"Giles, you old scoundrel! I'll get even with you for this!"

Troth, white with rage, had followed the twain from the courtroom, and now faced Kranbourne, shaking his clinched fist under his nose.

A flush overspread the lumberman's usually pale face. Rand dropped back, awaiting developments.

Stung to madness over his bitter, unexpected defeat, the Detroiter lost control of himself.

"Keep cool, keep cool," commanded the lumberman. "You were fairly beaten; only a coward would lay down as you are doing."

"A coward! You call me a coward!" howled the angry Troth. "What are you who sneak behind a woman's petticoats to save yourself from paying your honest debts? If it wasn't against the law I'd call you out and shoot you for the low cur that you are!"

The man was most insulting. Rand watched with interest the effect on his employer.

Kranbourne's hands worked convulsively one instant, the next he groaned and staggered backward, evidently anxious to avoid trouble.

"This isn't the last of this, you old scoundrel," went on the younger man, puffing out his cheeks, his faded green eyes emitting watery sparks. "I know all about your past villainy; know how you robbed an orphan to get your start in life, and I'm going to expose you to the world for what you are, a low down blackleg and scoundrel. If you had any sand I'd slap your face right now!"

Calcraft trembled with wrath himself. If the lumberman did not resent this he was indeed a coward.

There was some quick work following the last remarks of Mr. Troth.

The two men mingled in a sharp fistic scuffle.

Kranbourne had the other by the throat and was choking him into insensibility. He pressed him backward and over against a tree, where he held him for one brief second, then with a sudden uplift, caught and swung his man high over his head.

"D—don't kill me, Giles!" welled up a frightened scream.

Thud!

Flung against a mass of rubbish, Legrand Troth lay quivering and insensible. The strength exhibited by the angry Kranbourne was astonishing.

"Don't touch him," commanded Giles when Calcraft started to go to the fallen man. "He deserved what he got. I did not want to do it, you will bear me out in that, Rand?"

"I cannot condemn you; the provocation was great," admitted Calcraft.

The two men waited till others came streaming out of the courtroom, and Troth began to show signs of returning consciousness.

"Look after this man, will you, Jim?" said Kranbourne to Hadley the deputy sheriff who happened along. "He fell and hurt himself."

"All right, sir."

The cool demeanor of the lumberman after all that had happened was in the nature of a surprise to the land-cruiser. The two now walked forward in company.

In his present mood Calcraft was not anxious to meet Surelia. He therefore excused himself before reaching Hillhaven and turned his steps elsewhere. Kranbourne exacted a promise from the young man for an early call, however.

Calcraft had a widowed sister with whom he stopped when at Bark City and thither he turned his steps on the present occasion.

Safely in his room the land-cruiser threw himself into a chair and gave free rein to his thoughts.

There had been much to interest him in the incidents of the past few weeks. The most of the time seemed more like a semi-nightmare than full blown reality.

Thoughts of pretty Imelda Arden haunted him. He was dead in love with the girl, there could be no disguising this fact, nor did the young man care to do so. His whole soul was wrapped up in the welfare of this strangely acting young woman, who, through the good will of her guardian, was now a very rich person. Before she had come into so much of this world's goods there might have been a chance for him. Now was it likely she would even waste a smile in his direction?

With her it had been a wild, hoydenish masquerade, which this just concluded suit at law had brought to an end.

The girl would of course now take her proper place at the head of the house at Hillhaven. A sudden thrill shot over him when he suddenly realized that pretty little Surelia Kranbourne was no longer an heiress; in fact she would hereafter be at the mercy of the girl she hated. Would not this knowledge break the heart of proud Miss Kranbourne?

Thinking of this Calcraft's sympathies were at once enlisted in the girl's behalf. Something of the old passion for Surelia came back to him.

Opening his desk the young fellow took from between the leaves of a book the dried head of a full blown rose. Ah! how well he remembered the time and the occasion of his receiving that bit of sweet Surelia's personality.

He had, too, held steadfastly to that affectionate regard till another, more positive personality, came stealing in.

Surelia had turned him adrift because of his defense of Imelda. That had been the turning point in his career it seemed to him. Surelia was lost to him in any event. And that other girl?

The courts had this day confirmed her title to rank as one of the millionaires of the State. What sort of a greeting was she likely to give to his love making? He was not poor in the low sense of the word, and yet in comparison with Imelda Arden he was a veritable wharf rat!

The perfume of the rose still lingered, it crept most subtly into his nostrils revealing the past with its happy days and thrilling boy and girl experiences.

Long he gazed on the sweet-scented rose, kissed it and cried:

"Surelia, I will come to you!"

Returning the flower to its rest between the pages of the book, our hero went forth into the open air, determined to seek his first love and try for a reconciliation.

He did not go immediately to Hillhaven, however. Had he done so he might have been spared some very humiliating after experiences.

The remainder of that day the land-cruiser passed between the office of a business friend and his sister's cottage. When night came he sat and talked nonsense to that faded flower.

It was not till the third day after the events of the courtroom that Calcraft mustered sufficient courage to turn his footsteps in the direction of Hillhaven and his first love.

The land-cruiser had gone perhaps half the distance to the home of Miss Kranbourne when a swiftly passing vehicle nearly swept him into the gutter.

"Oh, sir, I beg your pardon a thousand times."

The occupant of the carriage drew rein and was glancing backward to where our hero tottered on the verge of the gutter.

"Miss Arden!"

With this one ejaculation the young man hastened to the side of the vehicle where he was met with a warm clasp of a shapely gloved hand.

A pair of glorious brown eyes looked into his gray ones, eyes so full of rich Oriental lights as to quite smother him

(Continued on page 10.)

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Or, THE MYSTERY OF LOVE

By ELLA MARTIN

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in No. 12, March 25. Subscrip- can begin with that issue, or copies can be obtained from news s, or our agents, or by mail from ffice of publication.

CHAPTER V.

RACHEL'S INTERVIEW.

IN THE drawingroom at Lakeview Rachel sat waiting the coming of her one-time chum, Rose Mainard. Alston was at his office in the city, and Mrs. Sprague was spending the day with a relative in St. Paul.

"She must help me!" Rachel, clasping her hands to- and interlocking her fingers nerv- She must help me—she shall! I oo much about her affairs for her e. I have tried to shake her and now I will make use of her. nething must be done. Tonight will again seek an audience with . Tonight they will be reunited, must remain a pauper, dependent r bounty, the thing that Justine l against—the thought that stung ud soul to the quick, and caused take the step she took two years

s growing late, and Rachel feared urn of Mrs. Sprague before the w could take place. But she Rose could not come before the al was over.

door was opened at that moment se Mainard was announced. As s the maid had retired Rachel he other to a seat. But seeing llor of her face she cried out in , for she had caught sight of the wound above the temple, which arly hidden by the thick masses

laughed nervously.

ttle wound from the limb of a said Rose in explanation. "I was Sprague park yesterday after- and while seated under those l old trees a dead limb came crash- wn and grazed my temple. It is —a mere scratch."

eard something about it," replied , looking at her keenly. "But I know the woman was you. You narrow escape, Rose. Beware. e playing with fire! You had give up this intimacy before it ou into trouble. If you have no nce, have a little caution. Retri- will be sure to overtake you."

ill not give it up," cried Rose de- "I am not afraid!" And now e has attempted my life, I will im from her, if I die for it! There nuch of the dare-devil in me to be ned like that. She will not get nce to try that again. And I will r for that dastardly attempt on , for tonight—well, he has given entirely for me. It is I who have been his wife and not she. tes him, she told him so to his He never loved her as he does yway. Oh, I will pay her for that ly trick!"

n one starts out on the downward is easy to find sufficient reasons on. The girl's tendency was to n in the way she had chosen; but nted an excuse, though she knew s no excuse she could invent ou d excuse her.

ove him!" she finished doggedly, don't care!"

ll, I don't care, if you don't," re- Rachel. "You won't find any one oes, I fancy. Only, I will tell you ou will make the mistake of your you go the lengths. Virtue is n reward; there is nothing truer, n brings its own punishment by l causes. I don't want to preach, not a saint, as you know. Only, direction it is policy to be good."

what way could I find reward ex- hrough the approval of my own nce? And I can manage my con- ."

pose," answered Rachel, "that his hould die. If you were not al- his he would marry you then."

would marry me anyway."

ubt it. The chances are he would ou aside and seek out some inno- oung girl, whose shoelaces he is to tie, and marry her."

not believe it!" And Rose sprang feet and stamped in rage upon or. "But if he did I would kill Do you hear?"

l, I shouldn't care if you did, my He'd deserve it, he does now. did not send for you to discuss ffairs. I have troubles of my own, need your assistance."

love Alston," Rose said, glancing scrutinizingly. "Don't get angry ow it. Well, why don't you enjoy en?"

el looked at her coolly.

don't know Alston Sprague."

mean to say that, even though he married, no woman could make advances to him without finding repulsed? Bah!"

not judge all men by your own vision," returned Rachel. "You knew a man of Mr. Sprague's herefore you do not believe there y such. I have never met the man you have shown your par- be, yet I know that such as he ou do not believe in Alston's perhaps, but let me tell you have to play my cards well im to marry me honorably. is y I want you to help me. now n gain an audience with Sprag before the play begins. the just her. [illegible] I can lead you r address." ose scr [illegible] ber and street on the fly leaf of a book near at hand.

"I will take care of the book," Rachel said, taking it from her, "lest it fall into the hands of Alston Sprague. Nothing like covering up your tracks you know. If you had been smart enough to do that the wife need never have known of your existence. But you must try to get on the right side of her, thinking to flirt with her husband under her very nose. There aren't any women of that type living—at least not many.

"But I must go to this address at once. I must see Justine before she starts for the opera house. Are you on your way home?"

"No, it is too far to go to and from the 'Met.' I am rooming across the hall from Justine Sprague."

Rachel glanced at her in surprise, and for a moment she was undecided just what to do. She did not want to be seen in the company of this girl, whose conduct had set people to talking. But there was no escape from it now that she could see. And so leaving word for Mrs. Sprague to account for her absence, she started out with Rose to walk to the nearest car-line.

Suddenly her companion laughed aloud.

"You are a good one to preach, I should say! You are up to some deviltry this very minute, or I miss my guess. I believe if you could be to Alston Sprague what I am to be to the man I love, you would not hesitate a moment."

"Rose, you are a fool! Don't ever think I would have so little sense as to defeat my own purpose. And I tell you I mean to wed Alston. Besides, I am—well, a different type from you, if you will permit me to say so."

The color crept over Rose's face, and then receded, leaving it white with anger. Her dark eyes flashed wrathfully. But she had no words with which to defend herself. So she said:

"I didn't expect to be taken literally. I wasn't in earnest, of course. I threatened to do things I am not likely to do because I was mad at Mrs. Barrington."

"And yet Mrs. Barrington has not been as guilty as you."

"She would have murdered me."

"You have murdered her love for her husband, a crime infinitely worse. However, two wrongs can never make a right, and retaliation is the most sneaking thing. I do not admire or approve of Mrs. Barrington's method."

"What would you have done under the same circumstances?"

"I should have taken my most valuable personal effects and shaken the dust of Minneapolis off my feet, leaving you free to tire of each other, which would soon be the case if there was no barrier between you—in fact I should have considered you both beneath my notice, instead of following you to see what you were up to. Do you know the greatest punishment for you two would be to let you marry?"

But oh, the inconsistency of human nature! Rachel was on her way to murder the heart of the woman who had a claim upon the man she had singled out for her own. Cool-headed and cool-blooded was this Rachel Raynor, incapable of the impetuosity and foolhardiness of her companion, but more calculating in the ruin she meant to bring into the lives of the two whom she knew loved each other, and even more pitiless. Verily, all kinds of people are found on this mundane sphere.

Rose did not know nor guess half there was in the mind of this woman. She herself was not the type of woman who unsuspectingly and almost unwittingly are led into traps set by men who are said to take months to accomplish their purpose, when no guile would be necessary with some other of their acquaintance. She knew where her footsteps were leading, and sought to justify herself out of her own reasoning.

Justine was ready to depart for the Metropolitan when Rachel tapped lightly at her door and then entered without waiting to be bidden. She was in the act of wrapping her opera cloak about her, and paused with it suspended about her shoulders. She looked very stately for so young a woman. Her eyes had a strained look, as if her thoughts had been retrospective and sorrowful.

"Justine!" Rachel breathed, gliding to her side and placing her hand upon her arm, "how glad I am to see you! How glad I am that I have found you! Come home at once, they will forgive you I am sure. Why did you do such a rash thing, dear, and disgrace us all? But you know they are generous enough to forgive, if you ask it. They will be glad to find you, at least, I think so."

"Have they tried to find me?"

Justine was unmoved outwardly.

"Well, not tried, perhaps, or, at least, not at first. But curiosity to know what sort of life you were leading led Alston to enter an opera house last night for the first time in his life. It was certainly a condescension for one of his pride and irreproachable character to enter a place of that sort, and so must be a favorable sign. He could not conquer his repugnance to your calling all at once, of course, and so came away without seeing you after the play. But tonight he will try again. I was so afraid his courage might fail him a second time (for you know, Justine how proud of their respectability he and his mother both are) that I volunteered to accompany him. And so after the play you may expect to see us, for I shall plead your cause so that he will not be able to refuse. You will surely come home, you won't be able to get out of it; for you know his whole-heartedness about things he recognizes as his duty. And he is generous enough to hide all the anger and chagrin he felt at the way you treated them. For it was ungrateful, Justine, you know it was. But if you see Alston tonight you will have to yield."

"I shall certainly see him, if he seeks me," replied Justine with dignity. "But I have chosen for good and all. Mr. Sprague will not be asked to forgive, nor to take me back."

This was the decision Rachel hoped for and expected. She knew the girl's pride and independence, and she had played upon them both to obtain the results she desired. She had no fear that Alston would be able to persuade her to come back to them, now that she had seen her and talked with her first. She would consider herself patronized and refuse.

Oh, the deceit, the treachery of it all! Was there much chance of Rachel being separated from her friend and chum, Rose Mainard, in the world to come?

Had Justine not been smarting under the old bitterness, a bitterness that this same Rachel had planted in her heart, she must have divined the motive that prompted so much concern on the part of one who had never been very cordial to her before.

"But it is your brother—at least, your foster brother, who asks you to come back. And he can do no less than insist on your return; though of course it will resuscitate the scandal your disappearance gave rise to. Oh, it was cruel of you, Justine! You cannot blame them if they hardened their hearts toward you."

"He is not my brother," returned Justine impatiently, "not even my foster brother as far as the law is concerned. I was a waif, and they took me in because they knew and loved my mother. It was kind of them, but I have paid for it in humiliation since I knew they looked upon me condescendingly, as one who was dependent upon their bounty. I could never pay the debt, but I could relieve them of further responsibility. Is it so generous a thing to take an infant who is friendless and make it under obligations to you in spite of itself, and then look upon it as an inferior, do you think? I was too young to realize my position for a long time. But now that I know, I could not go back to it."

The reader who has witnessed the subtleness with which Rachel placed things before Justine in the light she wished her to view them, can readily get an inkling of the manner in which she first sowed the seeds of doubt and resentment in the girl's heart against the Spragues.

Justine felt now as if she had burned her bridges behind her. She had ill-repaid them for the care they had given her, but there was no undoing it; and so, in very recklessness of spirit, she decided to go to greater lengths and widen the breach. She would not let them see she felt the enormity of the deed—for it was a shabby trick she had served them. She had seen it after the first feeling of desperation had worn off.

She had not asked Rachel to take a seat, and she waited now for her to depart. She had never liked her, and she was not going to pretend she was grateful to her for an interest that did not seem genuine. Beside, she resented her patronizing manner. But Rachel was not ready to go just yet.

"But you know, Justine," she cooed, "that the Spragues have tried to be mother and brother to you, though they did not legally adopt you. And no doubt they meant to do something for you when you should come to marry."

Justine was inwardly raging. She could have stamped her foot, had she not been a lady, waif though she was.

"Come back to us, and you shall be my sister as well as Alston's," she added. It was what she had been waiting to say, and she placed her hand on Justine's arm, looking into her face pleadingly.

Justine was under the greatest nervous tension; but she bit her lips into silence, while her face grew tense and hard, her eyes glinted like steel.

But catching sight of the hand which Rachel again placed on her arm, she remarked:

"You still wear the solitaire, but I see no wedding band. How am I to be a sister to you as well as to Alston?"

"Oh, it hasn't come off yet—I could not consent to an early marriage, it is only two years since we became engaged. That is not long."

"You are both old enough," said Justine bluntly, giving vent to some of the savage feeling in her heart, a feeling quite legitimate under the circumstances.

Rachel squirmed; for in years she was not far behind Alston.

"But you see, dear," she answered softly, "I reluctantly consented to his pleading, in the first place, for there is just a drop of Sprague blood in my veins—not enough to matter, to be sure, but it makes me hesitate to fulfil my vows. I feel akin to him in spite of myself. You know how it is; you are not one bit related to him, and yet he must seem so much like your brother that you could never have married him even if he had dreamed of such a thing himself. One must feel that way under the circumstances."

"I do not feel one bit sisterly toward Alston, and never have since I was old enough to know he was not my brother."

Justine had always denied all feeling of kinship toward her benefactors; and whether she knew it or not, it was because she loved Alston in a different way, and it aroused a feeling of repulsion toward thoughts of a sisterly affection.

"I must go now," she said, presently, having grown tired of the interview forced upon her. "I have to be at the opera house in a short time."

Rachel had sense enough to withdraw. She had said all she desired to say. The thing was done to a turn, further words would be superfluous, and she did not want to spoil everything by overdoing it, so that her rival would mistrust her motives.

Justine did not accompany her, though

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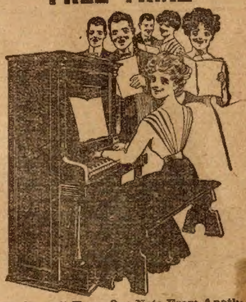

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GENTLE JABS.

Loud attire naturally speaks for itself.

When anger comes wisdom takes a vacation.

Even the bachelor minister is a marrying man.

Bosom friends may be chums, or they may be chumps.

Too many men mistake conspicuousness for greatness.

Some women are good to look at, but bad to be tied to.

One kind of a brute is a man who refuses to flatter a woman.

It takes more than a skeleton key to open a legislative deadlock.

A girl doesn't mind taking cold provided her clothes look all right.

A forty-eight inch chest is no evidence that a man is big hearted.

Many a man who swears at a big monopoly is nourishing a little one.

One kind of a hypocrite is a man who pretends to be busy when he isn't.

Those who have been there and fallen off tell us there is plenty of room at the top.

Many a man who is willing to be a scoundrel would object to being called one.

Elastic currency may be all right, but what most people need is adhesive coin.

There seems to be no place like home for most of the charity that begins there.

We feel sorry for the widow who invests her insurance money in a second husband.

The old blue laws were probably intended to prevent men from painting towns red.

A man never hires a brass band to herald his coming out at the little end of the horn.

It's queer how nearly all a man's friends go broke just when he wants to make a touch.

It's awfully hard for a man to pray for his neighbor as strenuously as he prays for himself.

A fussy old bachelor says that about the only difference between a wedding and a funeral is the music.

Of course you have heard that wealth will not buy happiness—but did you ever hear any one say that poverty would?

What do you suppose has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to tie her head up in a towel and sweep the house?

But as a matter of fact it never pays a woman to lie awake nights for the purpose of listening to what her husband says in his sleep.

If a man succeeded in discovering perpetual motion he probably wouldn't feel as proud as he did when as a boy he discovered that he could whistle through his teeth.

she knew Rachel was aware she was going in the same direction, but allowed her time to catch a car before she herself followed. Then she walked the short distance to the Metropolitan, looking neither to the right nor the left, lest she should meet with some friend of other days.

All through the play that evening she was conscious of the presence of those two in the box nearest her at the right—Rachel Raynor and Alston Sprague—though she had given them but one swift glance when she advanced to the footlights.

The ordeal was a trying one for her, but at last it was over; and trembling and frightened she stood ready to meet Alston, who had sought her, as Rachel had intimated. He was standing before her before she hardly realized it. She caught her breath with a little gasp. How could she go through it all, and resist? Then pride and her characteristic independence came to her aid, and she straightened herself to a dignified posture, a dignified feeling sweeping over her that gave to her attitude an appearance of hauteur.

Then Alston Sprague advanced to her side and took her hand, and with kindly eyes beaming with the old good-will, looked down upon her.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH JUSTINE.

At last, after two long years of search, he had found her, and his voice was not steady when he spoke.

"Justine!"

It was a cry from the heart—a cry of longing and grief and joy mingled. To the trembling young girl it sounded like one of reproval. She was self-accused, and found guilty by her own conscience. She had treated the people to whom she owed everything badly. But worse than all she was too proud to confess her fault and be forgiven.

At the sight of him standing there with the light of welcome in his eyes and the kindly smile of other days about his lips, her impulse was to throw her arms about his neck and sob out the yearnings of her thoroughly homesick heart on his breast. But she was a woman now, no more could he seem to her like the boy and companion of her youth. And she felt an awe of the man who stood before her in place of the boy she had romped with and teased. The shyness of love, a love she had hardly acknowledged to herself, influenced her, and she checked the impulse with an effort.

The words of Rachel prepared her what to expect. He was generous enough—this man, in the calm assurance of his own superiority, his exalted position, to pocket his pride, and condescend to redeem her from the profession he disapproved of; and he would do it with an affableness that would disarm her, if she were not on her guard and took it for what it was worth—just his sense of duty and generous-heartedness. Thus Justine reasoned, and her figure stiffened into resentful attitude.

"Justine!" he said again, this time pleadingly, as she drew her hand from his clasp. "Justine, do you not welcome me?"

"I am glad to see you," she said, "very glad. But I did not think you would care to seek me here."

"I am glad to find you again anywhere, little girl. And now that I have found you I will not let you go again, dear. You will come home with me, won't you? My mother is waiting to receive you."

Not one word of reproof; only that gentle voice asking her to come home. But she expected that. It was not like him to chide.

"How is your mother?" she asked, and her voice sounded cold, even to herself.

"She is well; but she is worried about you, girlie. She is anxious for me to bring you home with me, Justine."

"It is kind of her—kind of you both, and I thank you. But I have no home. I forfeited all right to call it mine when I left it as I did. I chose a career in preference to dependence and a life of ease; and I cannot change things now. I wish I had been more considerate, but I felt I should be opposed if I asked your or your mother's consent. Still, I ought not to have acted so hastily. It was wrong, ungrateful of me, and I hope you will both overlook it.

"Give my love to your mother," Justine's voice trembled a little, "but tell her I could not return now. It is best not—you must see it," she added hastily, as he attempted to speak. "The harm is done, I cannot undo it. I will not renew the scandal my surreptitious flight caused."

"The scandal?" he repeated wonderingly. "Why should there have been any gossip concerning our affairs and yours? Who was there to know you fled in the night? Who was there to tell them? Indeed, Justine we have never given a thought to what people may have said. Surely, we may do what our conscience dictates unquestioned, and without explaining our actions to others."

She would not mention Rachel Raynor to him, she would not make trouble for her, who would some day be his wife. She could not tell him it was she who had put all the wrong ideas into her head, and also insinuated that there had been a scandal because of her flight. She could have mentioned some things that would have cleared up the misunderstanding between them. But what matter? She would never go back to live where another reigned as his wife, and that other Rachel Raynor.

She reached out her hand to him and smiled.

"Alston, let me be. I cannot go back to eat the bread of dependence. I have chosen my career, do not try to persuade me to give it up. I have attained some success; but it is slow work. You need not fear the influence of the stage, one may live as honorable a life here as elsewhere. I am out in the world, but I feel myself fitted to cope with the world. You will hear of me some day, maybe, but nothing you need blush for."

"But Justine, our hearts and home are empty. We miss you, little girl."

There would be Rachel to fill her place, but she would have bitten her tongue in two rather than remind him of it, and his coming nuptials with her. And so she remained silent.

And he, he was twelve years older than this girl whom he loved with a love that was different than that of a brother; and those years caused him to remain silent on the subject of his affection for her—the kind that had come to him with the dawn of his manhood.

"Come with me to see my mother," he said finally.

"I would do so gladly, but the scene would be painful to her as well as to me, for I could not go back, and I would not like to refuse. Will she not come and see me act? Her countenance of my calling by her presence here would make me so happy."

"I will bring her," he said, "she shall see you, and she will tell you what life will be at home—home, Justine, home for you and me. If you will but come!"

He did not ask her to be his wife—it was those years that checked the impulse to speak now. And, somehow, he did not believe Justine would yield to pleading of that sort. She did not love him enough to give up her future for him. Home was not an inducement, he thought, else she would never have left it.

If he had but known, it was because of that love—a love she deemed unreciprocated, and out of place that she had left it. If he had only known all misunderstandings might have ended there. But he little guessed of the subtle influence that had undermined her faith in the real affections of her benefactors. It seemed to her now, viewed in the light Rachel had presented it, that it had been a kindness, a great kindness on their part, and a condescension to one who had only the claim of friendship upon them.

But knowing nothing of the true reason why Justine refused to return to the home that had ever been hers, he took his leave, with a promise to the effect that his mother should accompany him to the theater on the following evening, her last night in the city.

So great was Mrs. Sprague's desire to see Justine once more that she accompanied her son to the Metropolitan the next evening to see her protege appear before the footlights. And because of her interest in the girl she could not help noting the play itself; and a good deal of the prejudice against the stage departed from the lady's mind then and there.

Mrs. Sprague was one of Puritan principles, and a grand old dame of the kind that is growing extinct. Her hair was white as the driven snow, soft and silky; her eyes dark-gray, and her complexion of a more youthful appearance than her age would seem to warrant; but it was natural, and indeed, it lacked that artificial look belonging to women who have frequented beauty parlors. She was just old enough to be Alston's mother—little more, for in her days girls married younger than they do at the present time, young enough to feel enthusiasm in the union, and instinct did as well in choosing a mate as age, which is supposed to bring reason, does nowadays. At least there were fewer wrecks of the matrimonial barque than now.

When she was taken to see Justine after the play, she at once gathered the girl to her motherly bosom, and patted the dark head lovingly.

"Mother!" Justine said with a cry when she saw her, and rushed into her arms. She had held herself in restraint in the presence of the son. But now with the woman who had been a mother to her, the homesick feeling kept in repression found vent at last in a flood of tears.

But the memory of her one-time dependence, and the coming nuptials, as learned from Rachel, sustained her resolve to continue the course she had chosen. Very much the same argument took place as on the previous evening. Alston stood silent for the most part. But at last he said:

"Let her try her wings, mother. She will come back to us some day, when she has won her laurels, and the applause of the public has satified her desire for achievement. Then, and not till then will she return willingly."

"There is no place like the shelter that one's own home affords, Justine," Mrs. Sprague said. "Promise me you will come back to us if you are ever in need of friends; or if you should ever tire of public life."

"I will promise, gladly," replied the girl, "for you are both friends that are tried and true."

And so they parted, not knowing how long it would be before they might meet again, or what it was that would bring them together.

(To be continued next week.)

* * *

Fish Stories.

This is the way they tell fish stories in different places:

Down in Beaufort, N. C., the fishermen came in one night and said that the sea was blood-red. They said that it was red because of the millions of red menhaden, called there "fatback fish," that had suddenly appeared. They said that they had just scooped up the fish without trying to angle for them.

In Gresham, Ore., which is near the Sandy river, people say that the salmon came up in so great numbers from the ocean last autumn that the fishermen were knocked off their feet when they waded into the stream.

The officers of the French steamer La Gascogne say that on a recent voyage to America the ship passed through an enormous school of porpoises off the banks of Newfoundland. The sea-beasts were so crowded in the water that they could not get out of the steamer's way and many were killed by the sharp prow.

*

Preponderance of Evidence.

"Sorry," said the constable, "but I'll have to arrest ye—ye've bin drivin' along at the rate of fifty miles an hour."

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avid Grant's Sacrifice;

A Tale of Human Pawns

By MASON RAY

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CHAPTER X.

HERBERT BRACKWAY fully expected arrest after his confession at Lanigan's grave of having shot the man who was not in his coffin. The charge of assault that would ensue had no terrors for him compared to that of murder. Be-
shed to rid his mind of its
ret and clear David's name.
ter brother had thus useless-
d himself nearly drove him
e determined, thus late, to
only amends in his power.
detective who had almost
urned over the suicide of his
as in the city still working
of the famous and infamous
. Hearing that the man was
terred whom Grant had shot
d to attend. Everything con-
his much admired and great-
d prisoner was of interest.
Anson was one of the group
brick-filled coffin and it was
aze that penetrated Herbert's
before the young lawyer
onfession.
vord of this must be made
s his next peremptory order.
e press is not represented.
was planned and carried out
on intelligence. Nor is it the
on of an honest man. Until
who cheated this grave, and
g man wished to be consider-
e press must not warn him
ck is discovered."
o establish my brother's in-
Herbert demurred, his face
whole form trembling with
of their unexpected discovery.
name has been in your care
nths," flashed the detective.
failed to previously establish
ce it can wait. I forbid any
t to divulge what has been

iver, glad of an excuse to
lunder from the dailies, joy-
esced. The undertaker and
ers gave ready assent. They
ire to antagonize the Pinker-
nd feared results if his com-
disregarded.
r. Schriver," commanded the
"I must ask you and Mr.
to accompany me to the city
I want you, if possible, to
rogue's photograph."
e grave diggers had replaced
and filled in the fradulent
two officers, Dr. Schriver and
epped into Anson's auto and
e city jail.
neared the gloomy structure
uddered at his narrow escape
ming an inmate. Anson's
recy, he knew, meant immun-
time at least. Within they
ed into an office where the
Anson's request, placed before
containing a medley of photo-
ces—sullen, smiling in con-
ged bandits, graceful confi-
with suave expression, bull-
, hardened criminals, default-
ficials.
rected Anson, "see if you can
face in this collection as be-
the man who should have oc-
coffin.
Dr. Schriver and Herbert
ach likeness; for a half-hour
uncouth, villainous, weak or
s; then both the doctor and
ve exclamations of astonish-

firmed the doctor pointing at
ce with flattened nostrils and
pearance, "is my late patient,

w him for a moment in the
electric torch," asserted the
er, "but that is, undoubtedly,
shot."
anced at the indicated por-
face lighted with excitement
ation.
," he said in a ringing voice,
her!"
her," Herbert echoed unbe-
"Jim Mosher is the cleverest
n earth and this man looks
."

n it," declared Anson. "He's
all a singed cat. His nose
oken, he's homely as a hedge
has the brain of a Napoleon.
'd rather have the honor of
losher than to be President.
t had been better aimed, Mr.
you would have done the
stinct service. We will now
Schriver," he hinted with a
missal, "and you may aid the
ing us all you know of this

nothing whatever concerning
what has been told by the
bert declared.
emanded the mystified officer,
u happen to shoot him?"
ent," affirmed Brackway then
told his story to the last

another of the gang," An-
at the close. "You were
hs. As for this assault,
intent to kill, I am
would result. Your
since, the fact
character of
e exten-
u will
now add a silence concerning Mosher's escape that will aid the law. Your most serious offense is beyond the law's power—your cowardice in allowing Grant to shoulder your crime. Now go and may God forgive you for a poltroon."

In this manner the horror of that night's crime tumbled to nothing like a house of cards. But for David's supposed suicide Herbert might have regained his peace of mind. As it was remorse scourged him during his waking hours and his nights were a succession of troubled dreams. He was obliged to report to Sadie that nothing had been gained by the investigation. His appearance of utter wretchedness bore out his statement and Sadie was convinced.

Time passed uneventfully after this incident until over a dozen months slipped into the past. Frequent letters passed between the judge's daughter and Ada. Quaint descriptions of foreign lands came with regularity. In return home gossip found its way to Europe. But the one item that would have been scanned by eager eyes was suppressed by Anson. Even Sadie was ignorant of this interesting fact and because of this Grant was doomed to an extended exile.

Sadie's visits to the Worthington home became so informal that she finally came and went almost like one of the family. By the second spring after Grant's enlistment she was with Mrs. Worthington during receptions and did much to aid that lady with her social obligations. These were the bane of the gentle lady's existence. Being essential as the price paid for possession of wealth, they must be discharged. Sadie, with her bright winsomeness, was an attraction during her "at homes," therefore the girl passed out cups of tea and hugely enjoyed the Thursday crush. During one of these afternoon receptions a disabled army officer of refined appearance made his way to Mrs. Worthington's side. Her eyes brightened with pleasure as she took his hand, then softened with compassion. The young officer's left arm was dependent in a silken sling.

"My poor boy," she faltered. "This is your gift to your country." She lightly touched the black scarf. Then turning to her young companion she presented:

"Sadie, dear, this is Frank Hammond, my nephew. Frank, this is my good angel, Miss Sadie Brackway. You must be friends because you are my favorites—get over the formalities and let's be comfortable."

Captain Hammond, erect, distinguished, handsome—and wounded in his country's service—found instant favor with the judge's daughter. As for Frank Hammond, his dark eyes scarce strayed from the light gold of Sadie's hair and the deep blue of her flashing eyes. To add to this magnetism he instantly recognized the girl's delicately beautiful face as being the original of the photograph he had seen on the transport Sherman. He believed the owner, John Bryant, to be her lover. Doubtless the photograph was given as a love token before the soldier left America. The supposition made it impossible of mention. He could not ask the girl to explain—unless—. In that moment there came to the captain the first ignoble temptation of his life. He longed to supplant John Bryant in the affections of this radiant creature.

As his visit at the Worthington's lengthened his admiration strengthened until the thought of that portrait being in the possession of another man filled him with jealous rage. Unquestionably, Captain Hammond had discovered that the grand passion can overtake its victim with the swiftness of light. He determined to win the girl for his own. No man should have a right to the substance or shadow of this divinity but himself. He tried to believe that all was fair in love or war. As a matter of fact he gave the ethical side of the matter small consideration. He was too thoroughly and honestly in love for analysis of motives of any kind.

Acquaintance made with Herbert during his evening trips after Sadie gave the captain a calling excuse at the Brackway home. The young men were decidedly congenial. Herbert formed a friendship that was a relaxation after a day's hard work in the office. The judge approved of the frank, fearless soldier, and Mrs. Brackway learned to look forward with pleasure to his presence in their midst.

About a month from the captain's first appearance his family—at the insistence of Mr. Worthington—became residents of the city. After this event the captain's brown eyed, dimpled cheeked sister, Carrie, became another factor in cementing friendship between her brother and the Brackways. Childishly friendly, she slipped into the Brackway home and hearts and, in a measure filled Ada's place in Sadie's lonely hours. There ensued long drives in the Hammond's big motor along roads bordered with the emerald green of late spring. Later, Carrie's tall soldier brother subtly arranged to diminish numbers until he found himself alone with his dainty, blue eyed darling; the sun filtering through foliage on her fair uncovered head and love weaving a spell of wizardry about them both. Thus, by degrees, the young soldier came to the crucial moment that declared to the woman he loved his heart's desire.

The occasion was a day in June. The captain guided the silently moving car beneath the thick green of a country road. Nature seemed hused in a sunbath of perfect peace. The time was in exquisite harmony with the story that is centuries old yet new to every listener in life's springtime.

"I've loved you," went on the low impassioned voice, "since I saw your beautiful face imaged in a photograph months before I knew your place of residence. I've carried the memory of that portrait with me into battle. I've hated the recruit who possessed the—"

"What do you mean?" cried Sadie. "Where did you see a photograph of me before we met?"

"On the transport Sherman, while on our way to the Philippines. By accident I saw the likeness among some articles belonging to a recruit named John Bryant. I've been—'

"John Bryant," the girl exclaimed. "I know no one of that name!"

"He seemed a fine sort of chap," conceded the captain now assured that he had no rival. "He enlisted in San Francisco in company with a young fellow named Turner."

"Tell me all about it," ordered Sadie, and her lover was obliged to postpone his almost spoken declaration while he minutely described a trooper several thousand miles distant.

"That is my adopted brother," burst from Sadie's lips at the close. "Your John Bryant is my brother. Do you understand? Oh, thank God he lives!"

"You mean the young man—the lawyer—who was supposed to have committed self-murder, the one Uncle Harvey talks about?"

"Yes," she admitted. "And now that we know he lives I'm going to sift this matter to the bottom. I never believed him guilty. What his motive was in shouldering blame for a crime he was incapable of committing I can't say. But now it's time he came home and I'm just going straight to Mr. Worthington and ask his advice. Turn about and take me there at once."

Captain Hammond was aware that the judge was out of town on circuit work, but he wondered that Sadie failed to consult her brother. He gave this wonder audible expression.

"I'll consult Mr. Worthington first," she insisted. "He has been exceedingly interested in David. He offered financial aid, and now I hope he'll use his wealth to help us find my brother. You see," she pointed out, "if David left the army then months ago when his enlistment expired and is determined to remain in concealment we'll have trouble to find him."

"Which looks," hinted Captain Hammond, "as if he wished to be let alone."

Sadie's keen mind raced from point to point.

"Anyway," she decided, "I'll ask Mr. Worthington what he thinks about it. I believe there has been too much concealment."

The big motor sped toward the Worthington home at speed limit rate while the two discussed Grant's probable movements. Captain Hammond had lost his opportunity. He would not risk his future happiness by proposing to a girl whose mind was filled with the image of another man. He had, however, revealed his heart. The rest could wait.

The two found the aged millionaire in his library. He laid aside his letter writing and listened intently to Sadie's astonishing but clearly detailed statements.

"That," finished the girl, "is why the sea never gave up its dead."

"Then," triumphantly cried Mr. Worthington, "the man I saw at Manila was Frank Gordon—or Grant."

For a time the old financier considered the extraordinary affair from every viewpoint. Finally he decided.

"It will do no harm to have Hammond telegraph his colonel for the last knowledge to be obtained of John Bryant's movements. Ask for this young Turner, also. If the two remain together they can easily be traced. As for Grant's or Gordon's or Bryant's danger of arrest, I'll have by lawyers look that up."

"How can I ever thank you?" cried Sadie.

"Never mind trying, my dear," said the old man. "If this David is as fine a fellow as you and I believe the sooner his case is righted the better. And the minute my lawyers tell me he can safely return I'll set detectives at work looking him up. In which case," the old man said thoughtfully, "we'll need to give them a close description. Has David any distinguishing mark of dentistry or scar?" he asked wishing to prepare for speedy work.

"Yes," Sadie assured him. "My foster brother had an old scar outlining the scalp on the left temple."

"What!" cried the millionaire with white face. He gripped the arms of his chair with convulsive clasp and leaned forward staring with dilated eyes. "A cut circling the hair as if the work of an Indian's scalping knife?"

"Yes."

"A cut received so long ago that he knows nothing of the accident that caused it?"

"Yes," Sadie admitted. "He sometimes thought he might have received it when with a tribe of Gipsies."

"Gipsies!" half shouted the old man.

"Yes; David was with a Gipsy tribe during his first clear remembrance. They gave or sold him to a white family. The white people abused him and he ran away. Then father and mother adopted him."

Mr. Worthington listened with a face white as death. He then rose, strode to the door, crossed the hall into his wife's presence and said, brokenly, reverently:

"Mother, rejoice! We have found our son!"

CHAPTER XI.

When Ada Carroll recognized the man she loved beneath his disguise of fever-hollowed cheeks and unkempt beard, she stood for a moment transfixed by amazement. In her supreme astonishment she

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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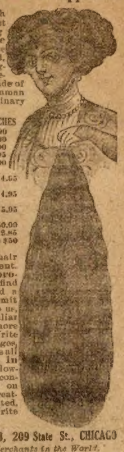

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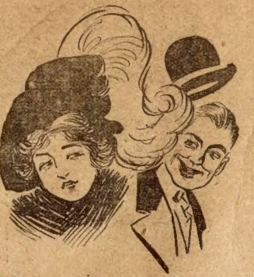


She—Excuse me, sir!

He—Oh, that's all right. I wanted to take my hat off, anyway.

❦

Dick in a Crowd.

When a certain mild mannered representative from a middle Western State went to Congress he left behind a body of constituents who fancied that great personal benefits would come to them through their powerful statesman. A farmer with political designs followed the great man to Washington.

"Well, Tom," a friend asked him on his return, "did you see Washington and Dick Blank, and did you get what you went after?"

"Yes, I seen Washington, and I seen Dick Blank," he replied, "but Dick couldn't do nuthin' for me. He was havin' a hard time to keep from gittin' tromped on hisself."

❦

Need of Agriculturist.

"Here I am," said the returned wanderer, "back with the fortune I said I would make, and ready to pay the mortgage off the farm."

"Ef that ain't hard luck!" exclaimed the father. "As times are goin' now that mortgage ain't botherin' nobody. I'd a heap ruther have seen you broke an' ready to do regular work for wages."

❦

The Alarm.

"Why didn't you ring an alarm when the fire started in your room?" snarled the exasperated hotel proprietor.

"I did ring an alarm," retorted the guest from Backville. "I pushed with all my might the button that tells the bell boy to bring water."

❦

Superfluous Adjuncts.

Mr. Chorte (trying on new suit at tailor's)—Why, Mr. Shearlams, you have no pockets in the suit!

Mr. Shearlams—Pockets? Of course not; I didn't think you needed any pockets; you always tell me you have no money.

❦

Gilt Edged Security.

Tourist—But what security do I get if I lend you the money?

Alaskan Sheriff—Security? Say, you can get drunk, steal, shoot up the town, lynch anybody you want to, and I won't allow a cuss to touch you.

❦

The Usual Way.

Intimans—Do you think you'll get any money out of your gold mine?

Frewler—Yes, if I can only persuade some one to put money into it.

❦

Depends Upon the Kind.

Seymour—Do you think it is right for the stock of a corporation to be watered?

Ashley—Yes, if it's live stock.

TICKLIS

A New Definition.

"What is naturalization?" asked the high school teacher.

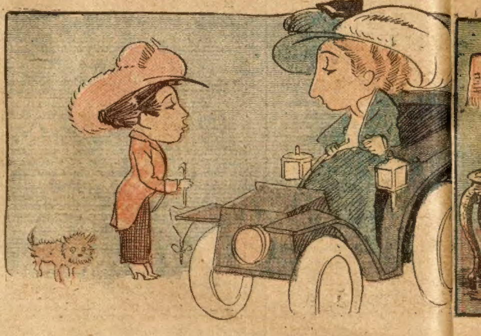
"Naturalization," said the captain of the baseball team slowly, "why, naturalization is making a person who was born somewhere else a native of the country he's living in."

An Economist.

"What in the world do yo
so many garden seeds?" inqu
tient member of Congress.
don't plant all of them."

"No," replied the consti
put a little milk and sugar
use them for breakfast food."

EXTREME.



Mrs. Chugg—You say he's excessively polite?

Mrs. Plugg—I should say so! Why, the other day he was at a photog
sitting for his picture, when a lady came in, and he insisted upon her
seat.

Quite Enough.

"Oh, sir, will you please come at once? There are three brutes jumping on a poor organ grinder."

"Is he big organ grinder?" queried the old gentleman, calmly.

"No, no, sir; quite a little man. Oh, come at once, or it will be too late!"

"I don't see why I should interfere," replied the old gentleman. "If he's a small man the three men don't need any help."

❦

Can't Be Beat.

"Oh, yes, we have a wonderful climate," said the man from Southern Texas. "Why, only last season fe raised a pumpkin so large that, after sawing it in two, my wife used the halves as cradles in which to rock the babies."

"Yes," replied the man from New York, "but in my State it's a common thing to find three full grown policeman asleep on one beat."

❦

Starchy Food.

Mr. McQuinn—What's the matter with the goat?

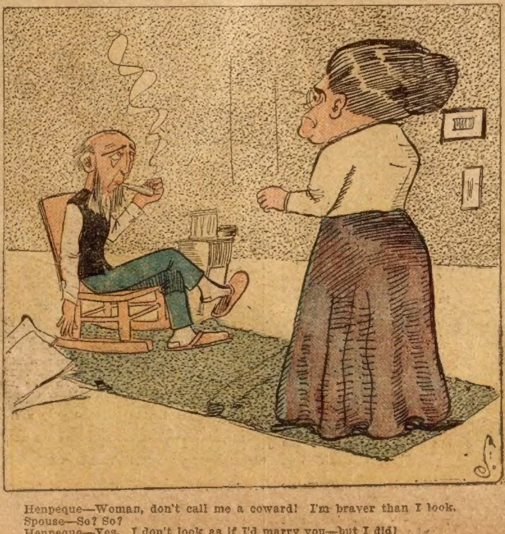
Mrs. McQuinn—An' shure I don't know.

"What's he been eatin'?"

"Shure, he did ate most of the family wash yisterday."

"That's it. Don't you know the doctor said that starchy foods weren't good for any of us!"

PROOF.



Henpeque—Woman, don't call me a coward! I'm braver than I look.

Spouse—So? So?

Henpeque—Yes. I don't look as if I'd marry you—but I did!

Thoughtful Girl.

The young man was calli
girl. He didn't know her
but she looked good to him,
to call again the next night,
had the nerve to ask permi
so.

"I'd like to come up ag
when he was ready to go h
about next week some time?"

A look of disappointme
her face. "Next week?" she
isn't that—er—well, I'll tell
to do; you come up tomor
and we'll decide which night
you may call."

❦

SIGNS OF THE SEA

From the shaking the furnac
  arise,
With curvature of the spin
Only to shudder to see the
The beating the carpet lin
From shoveling the snow w
  joy,
With our backs bent two fe
Only to stumble, in daylight
Over the old lawn mower.

❦

Barring the Few Weakn

Livery Stable Proprietor—
we shall have to cast hi
He's about worn out.

Murphy—I wud not be s
Barrin' the wakeness he has
an' that touch of cataract
thriflin' suggestion of the s
a grand horse he'd be for
if 'twere not for the color of

❦

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR APPEARANCE.

Madame Miguette's Beauty Cream and
moves every defect, spot, freckle, pim
wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear an
perfectly harmless and will not injure t
skin. It preserves and brings back th
to the face and ruddiness to the chee
in this condition until extreme old age
tion has been used for years and ha
using it and are more than delighted
Send us ten (10) cents for formula whi
filled at any drug store at a very sma
delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blai

❦

The Discouraged Sne

"So you have quit laughi
wife's hats?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Gro
funnier they seem to me, th
vinced she is that they mus
in style."

❦

Apartment House Mys

"Why so silent?"

"I'm wondering."

"About what?"

"About how the janitor c
to keep warm himself with
some heat come upstairs."

❦

A CHANCE TO MAKE

Yes, elegant Free Homeste
ing valuable land, from whi
bananas are now being sold,
had in Mexico. You need
Mexico, but must have five
anas planted within five yea
The Jantha Plantation Co.,
Pittsburg, Pa.; they will pl
for your bananas on shares, s
make a thousand dollars a ye
begin bearing in about 15 m
ing the quickest returns
growing. The climate is
the health conditions goo
reader desire to procu
apply immediately.

Giving Him a Start.

Doctor—Now that I've set your hus- nd on his feet again, you must see at he gets more exercise.

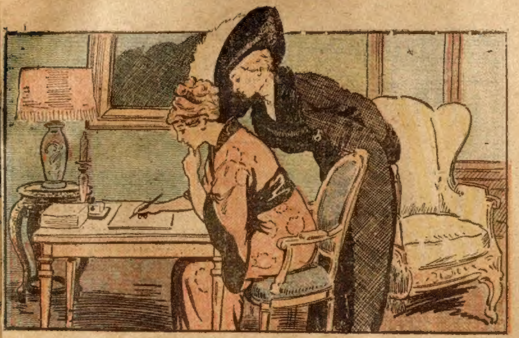
Patient's Wife—All right, doctor; this l of yours will help. He'll be terribly ercised when I show it to him.

Not in a Hurry.

The Lady—I thought you said you were looking for work.

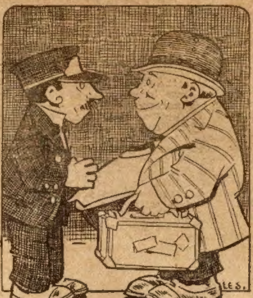
The Hobo—Well, I am, mum. But I don't want to get it right now. I'm a detective, yer see, an' I'm jest after clews today.

HEAVY EXPENSES.



Mrs. J.—What sacrifice are you making this year?
Mrs. L.—I have decided not to get a divorce this spring, but to devote the money it would cost to the endowment of a bed in a hospital.

His Idea.



Mr. Henpeck—Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence?

Mr. Scraper—I reckon I am.

Mr. Henpeck—Shake! You're a hero.

◆

Rich Uncle.

Young Doctor—Hello, old chap! Don't believe I have met you since we were boys at school. You're looking prosperous.

Young Lawyer—Yes; a rich uncle died two years ago and I came into possession of nearly $100,000.

Young Doctor—Why, I wasn't aware you had a rich uncle.

Young Lawyer—Oh, he wasn't my uncle. He was the uncle of one of my clients.

◆

Didn't Get It.

"And did you call on that woman for her gas bill today?" asked the manager of the office.

"Yes, sir," replied the green collector.

"And what did she say?"

"She asked me to take a chair."

"And did you?"

"No, I told her you wouldn't accept anything but money in payment."

◆

He Knew.

Seymour—Didn't Wuster know what a bad cook the widow was before he married her?

Ashley—Certainly he did; he wouldn't have married her if he hadn't; several physicians had told him he would die if he overate and he didn't want to have any temptation.

◆

His Idea.

His Mother—Jimmy, if you behave like this you won't go to heaven.

Jimmy—Well, I've been to the circus, the baseball game and the county fair. I can't expect to go everywhere.

◆

The Right Place.

The Hobo—Ah! mister, what would you do if you felt like you didn't have a friend in the world?

The Rich Man—What would I do? Why I'd apply for a job as baseball umpire.

◆

Not Much Prospect.

Klaxton—Do you think anything can make Piker's airship a success?

Gallup—Nothing less than the reversal of the relative positions of the earth and the air.

◆

Her Idea.

Sue—So ye ain't goin' to th' dance, Sal?

Sal—No. You see, I can't dance wid a hobble skirt an' I'd rather stay home than not go in style.

"To Them That Hath"

A SHORT SERMON TO FAT FOLKS

"To them that hath shall be given" is sentence that applies to fat people very tly. It is common knowledge that ce a human being begins to fatten up, what they have already is added more an they want until finally a stage is ched where reduction must be made decided disadvantage results.

Then comes forward the ages-old query, educe—but how?" To the uninformed hing suggests itself but the (to them) in evils—less eating—more activity. ey contemplate a more or less lengthy ge of dieting and exercising. So it y be said safely that every man or man in the land now undergoing the tening-up process has his or her men- eye fixed dubiously on that not far tant day when he or she will have to n the "ashes and sackcloth of reduc- n."

This is not an enlivening prospect, and it is with considerable satisfaction t we announce the emancipation of fat. Nowadays one may reduce ch or little, a pound a day if desired, hold their fat in check, absolutely tionary, without doing a tap of ex- ise, missing a single meal, doing a rticle of harm or causing a solitary inkl. All that's required, as hundreds tify, is the taking after meals and at time of one Marmola Prescription blet, which tablets are sold by the rmola Co., 1238 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, ch., or any good druggist, at the uni- m price of 75 cents, this sum being epted for a case of tablets so well generously filled that even one pro- ces desirable results.

◆

His Bad Break.

iss Elderly (showing photographs) nd this is the dear old home where I s born.

Ir. Dopey—Still standing? Well, ll! They don't build them nowadays that they last more than thirty or ty years.

◆

WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

ormation How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

o woman need any longer dread the pains hild-birth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. has devoted his life to relieving the sor- s of women. He has proved that all pain child-birth may be entirely banished, and will gladly tell you how it may be done olutely free of charge. Send your name address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis ck, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, tpaid, his wonderful book which tells to give birth to happy, healthy chil- n, absolutely without pain; also how to e sterility. Do not delay but write today.

◆

Unwitting Truth.

udge—Why did you steal this money?

risoner—Because I am not rich.

udge (severely)—That is a poor ex- e.

◆

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Mary's sas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which as so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by ess to anyone who will write for it. His offer is he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one tak- e treatment is to be the judge.

◆

A Pleasant Relief.

ol—Do you ever really enjoy your rk?

Dan—ll, yes. For two or three ys af ing back from vacation.

A Favorite.

"Martha, dost thou love me?" inquired Seth of the Quaker maiden.

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another," quoth the maiden.

"Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought that thou wast getting more than thy share."

◆

For the Poor.

Earlie—Say, pa, what is a charity ball?

His Dad—A charity ball, my son is a scheme to enable the wealthy to exhibit thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds and gowns in order to raise a few plunks for the poor.

◆

A Domestic Secret.

"Why are the references presented by cooks so often unreliable?"

"I suppose," replied the timid housewife, "it's because we have to write them references in order to persuade them to leave peaceably."

◆

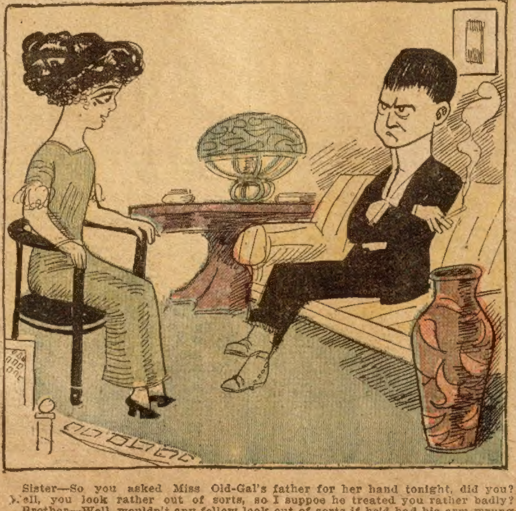
Beautiful Beach Guards.

"Getting up our prospectus, I see."

"Yes; what can we offer this year to get men to the beach?"

"Hire some athletic girls and advertise lady life-savers."

THE CAUSE.



Sister—So you asked Miss Old-Gal's father for her hand tonight, did you? Well, you look rather out of sorts, so I suppoe he treated you rather badly?

Brother—Well, wouldn't any fellow look out of sorts if he'd had his arm wrung nearly out of its socket, his hand squeezed to a pulp, and then forced to smoke a dozen bum cheroots?

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HEAVES CURED. Dr. Frank's Re Detroit, Mich., tells

(Continued from page 4.)

with their warmth.

"Oh, it's you, Sir Knight," with a little, entrancing laugh. "I am so very glad—"

"So am I, Imelda!" exclaimed the very much gone young man.

"So very glad you are not hurt," she finished to his quite evident mortification. Nevertheless she made room for him at her side, room which he did not hesitate to fill, and the twain rode swiftly away in company.

It was a glorious latter summer's day, and the most enjoyable as well as fateful day of Rand Calcraft's life.

Before he was aware of her intention the girl reined her animals into a side street and drove rapidly away into the open country.

CHAPTER XIX.

DRIVEN TO CONFESS.

Calcraft sat in a sort of wondering daze.

It was the extreme of pleasure to be with Imelda once more. His mind was working rapidly as they rode along; he was planning a surprise for the girl that he believed would make them both happy.

Since Kranbourne had signally defeated the creditor from Detroit there seemed little to fear from that quarter.

When the spirited bays driven by Miss Arden dashed across the city line, making directly for the wide, open country grades, our hero found his voice.

"You are an expert horsewoman," said he.

"I have a fondness for horse flesh," admitted the girl.

"You were at the trial—that is, at its beginning. You—"

"I was there to be sure. I surprised them some—Troth for instance," and the girl's merry laugh rang out.

"I think you did. The lumberman is now wholly at your mercy."

"How do you make that out?"

"You have secured all his property—he is a pauper."

"Not so bad as that, I hope."

A sudden seriousness chased the bright gleam from the face of his companion. She fell into a sudden reserve that refused to be broken.

"I wish to ask a few questions, Miss Arden," said he, after the shadows had grown oppressive.

"You are at liberty to ask; I shall answer or not as I please."

"Certainly. You are, I suppose, back at Hillhaven again?"

"I am back home again."

"I am glad of that."

"Why should it interest you?"

"Because of my interest in you, da. I have lost a thousand hours' p thinking of you—"

"Nonsense, Mr. Calcraft."

She actually blushed under the fervor of his gaze. This fact pleased him. The few weeks of their intercourse under rather romantic conditions had led to deep affection for her on his part. Her lightness of manner was in part assumed he believed. She was a queer girl, full of life and force, almost masculine in this respect, yet as lovely and girlish as a country parson's daughter.

"Your runaway escapade has not hardened you the least bit, Imelda—"

She frowned and chirruped to the horses. Her head was turned aside till the oval contour of her face was alone visible, the pearl-like ear half covered by a starry bronze curl that fluttered like a humming bird's wing back upon the pure white of her shapely neck.

What right had she to look so stunningly beautiful? It was unfair to the other girl at Hillhaven who had monopolized our hero's thoughts till fate had thrown Imelda into his life; since then his allegiance had wavered to the point of breaking.

That sweet-scented rose was forgotten under the influence of a new love which was fast mastering the heart and soul of the foolish land-cruiser.

"Perhaps," and Imelda turned suddenly upon her companion, "perhaps you would like to get out?"

She halted her horses with a suddenness that brought them to their haunches and nearly threw Calcraft from his seat.

"No, no," he protested. "Drive on, Imelda, I could ride with you forever!"

The taut reins slackened and the horses went forward once more, now, however, at a more leisurely pace. The fair driver did not look his way, however.

"I am going down to Darktown," she said in a mechanical manner.

"To Darktown!" exclaimed he. "What can you want there?"

Well might he ask the question, for Darktown was a most unsavory place on a gulch the depths of which were supposed to hold the secrets of more than one murder as well as even darker crimes. The place was the home of river rats, and Indians, halfbreeds and lumberjacks of doubtful character.

"I am going to visit a friend."

"A friend at Darktown—impossible!"

The astonishment and horror in his voice amused his companion.

"What is troubling you, Sir Kinght?" she asked with a merry laugh. "Why shouldn't I have a friend in Darktown?"

"Why should you, why should any respectable gir—person?"

"Perhaps I am not a respectable person," she gurgled, still amused. "I know one very proper gentleman who has been so shocked over my conduct as to tell me in plain terms that I am no lady, and he has washed his hands of everything pertaining to me and mine. He has gone back to his peaceful bungalow, glad to keep his nose out of my affairs hereafter. Those are his own words, Sir Knight."

Her face was now turned upon Rand, a dancing madness in her red-brown eyes. She fascinated him more than ever. She might have friends in Tophet for all he ed—there was not another in all the e world like Imelda Arden.

is person is—"

od old Herr Karl Shaffenberger. know him, of course you do. He o Guardy's house a few days ago ered to sell him a secret for ten d dollars. Very kind in him was it not? Guardy told me all about good Herr Karl's visit, the import of it, and of how he (Guardy) told him to do his worst—thrust the old chap out rather rudely, I am sorry to say, since I like the professor, despite his little attempt at blackmail."

Calcraft listened with undisguised interest.

"I met the good professor after Guardy threw him out, and he confided to me his sorrows. Said for my sake he would not prosecute his intended blackmailing scheme. He was very frank with me; I had been living some time under his roof you will remember, and he grew to like me, I think.

"At any rate he told me about the secrets revealed by a letter that he had found among my effects soon after that little scrape with the officers. You know all about that of course."

"And it was these secrets he threatened to reveal if your guardian refused to come down with ten thousand dollars?"

"Exactly."

"And for your sake he will not expose Giles Kranbourne?"

"So he said; but bless you, there was no secret at all," and her cheery laugh rang out merrily.

"Had it something to do with your past?"

"Well, yes, you might call it that. I satisfied the good professor that he couldn't harm Guardy if he tried. There's been much said by Troth about me; he has made threats, insinuated that he could reveal things that would ruin Guardy and the like, every bit of which is pure moonshine."

Her talk was proving very interesting to Rand.

"I am glad to hear you say that, "put in Calcraft, "although I was never concerned about you personally."

"Never was worked up over the fact of my being a halfbreed, eh?"

"I never considered it a fact."

"Nor is it. Guardy got his start from money, gold buried at the outbreak of the Civil War, by a French halfbreed and Indian trader named Tonkaway. It was from this money that he entered into the lumber business which has made him a millionaire."

"Tonkaway revealed to your guardian the place of concealment of this money?"

"Yes, when he (Tonkaway) was dying."

"And did the Indian give him the money outright?"

"No, there was a provision made for my care; it was to be mine when I came of age."

"Meanwhile your guardian used the money to enhance his own fortune?"

"To make himself a fortune. He speculated with the money, it became the foundation of a large fortune. Although Guardy did not follow Tonkaway's instructions to the letter he yet built a big fortune for his ward. He turned it all over to me soon after I came of age. Anything wrong in that?'

"It was certainly very generous on his part."

"He told me frankly that his conscience troubled him, that was why he decided to give me all his fortune."

"I see; and yet—"

"And yet it did not rightly belong to me. Tonkaway had son of whom neither Guardy nor I knew a thing till very recently."

"A son? And what are you to this halfbreed?"

"I was his daughter by adoption."

"There is no blood relation existing between you?"

"Not the remotest."

"But how—"

"Here we are at the end of our ride."

The girl reined in before a rough board structure near the outskirts of the ill-famed Darktown. A small black boy came out to whom the girl intrusted her animals while she sprang to the ground before her companion could get around to offer assistance.

Imelda entered the ill-looking house, closely followed by Rand Calcraft. On a low straw bed in one corner a sallow-faced young man lay in the last stages of consumption. His black eyes brightened when he saw Imelda.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come," he said in the best of English.

"I always keep my word, Antoine," said the girl, seating herself on a box near the head of the bed. "I have employed the best physician in Bark City to look after you, and placed a good bunch of money to your credit at the City National Bank. I mean that you shall be provided for, Antoine. When you recover your health you will have enough money at your command to do whatever you please."

"You are very kind, Miss Arden."

The sick man's eyes were suffused with tears.

"Oughtn't I to be kind to my brother," she returned, a bright red stealing into her soft olive cheek. "I never knew till very recently that you were the son of Tonkaway; being his son you should have inherited his money."

"Although his son, he hated me and loved you instead, and you had no claim of blood upon him," said the sick man huskily. "Somehow he hated my mother. She deserted him for a rival before I was born. Ah, dear lady, mine has been a most unfortunate life."

"It has, but you must make the best of it hereafter."

"The doctor has been here, good girl," faltered the sick man; "he tells me I am not long to stop on this earth, so your goodness will not save. The money you put in the bank will go back to you very soon."

"Oh, pshaw, don't you believe that for a minute, Antoine. You are going to live to a green old age. The money is yours to do with as you please."

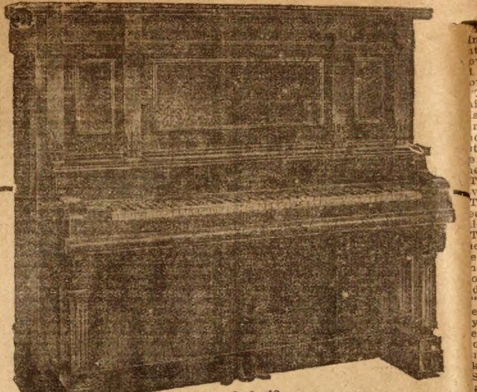
"When I die I want it to go back to you, Imelda."

"Oh, I'll agree to that, but you aren't going to die."

Soon the girl was outside ready to drive away.

Rand hesitated on the threshold. He glanced at the emaciated form on the bed, then at the flushed face and shining eyes of the girl. What she was doing to comfort a dying man showed him a side of her nature that only the more firmly bound him to her. [illegible]

"Are you coming with me, Sir Knight?"



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miss Arden
es," he said, "I am coming."

Instead of driving homeward the girl it her animals whirling down into a ove of cedars, beyond which stood an l stone church, and beside it a moss- own parsonage.

is was formerly a mission,' ex- ned she. Rand had never been in s part of the country before, and all es were strange to him. 'The man o lives here now is a retired Metho- t preacher; he and his good old wife friends of mine on whom I call enever I can."

The land-cruiser was glad enough to ve fate play into his hands.

The minister and his wife were ased to see the girl. They impressed lcraft as very worthy old people.

The young man was left alone with elda for a brief five minutes. During e time a sudden inspiration seized the d-cruiser. He laid his arm about the oulders of the girl, drew her to him d whispered in her ear:

"Let us end all this, Imelda. This eacher can tie the knot; you won't y me nay? Surely you must have en all these weeks how my love has own for you. Your wealth stands as a rrier perhaps, yet true love does not ke heed of such things—"

She drew away from him, yet not in ger.

"I am sorry, dear boy, but what you k is quite impossible."

The tone of her voice was low, sympa- etic rather than angry. He was not sheartened, but continued his suit. She emed to hesitate; her cheeks grew sy with feeling, her cherry-brown es swimming in strange moist lights. Never had she looked so lovely to the sty young timberman as at that ment fraught with the weal of a life- ne.

He drew her closer and kissed her owing cheek.

The contact of his lips seemed to artle her from a dream. She uttered a w, grieved cry, and drew forcibly away om his side.

"You do love me, Imelda," he cried. "I n read the truth in your eyes; then y not make us both happy by—"

"Stop, stop, I tell you; I will not sten."

"But you do love me, Imelda—"

"Yes—no, no, I mean!" gaspingly. Even if I did, nothing but evil could me of it. Come, let us go from here once."

When she would have drawn away he ld her fast.

"No, you cannot go till your consent to as I wish, Imelda," he protested. "At ast tell me why—"

"Oh, can't you see how you make me ffer, boy? You ask too much. Let us friends, Rand, good, true friends nce we can be nothing more."

"But tell me why, since you care, you ill not marry me?" he persisted.

"Because—because, I—oh, why do you rce me to tell—because, Rand Calcraft, am already a wife!"

CHAPTER XX.

A BURST OF SUNSHINE.

The land-cruiser did not ride back to e city with Imelda.

It seemed to him that had his life de- nded on it he could not have done so. er startling announcement, forced in agonized cry from her lips, that she was already a wife, cut his heart-strings like a knife.

And what must it be to her, who, by every action known to the feminine heart had proclaimed her love for him?

It was a condition most painful.

Particulars he did not ask for. He was too stunned to think clearly for the time. He went from the halfbreed's shanty feeling like one suffering from a horrible nightmare.

The girl had deceived him. And yet, in his heart he could not find a word of censure.

Giles Kranbourne was pacing the floor that day when Imelda returned to Hillhaven. Since the termination of the lawsuit with Legrand Troth she had made no attempt to conceal herself from the officers. The lumberman saw to that. He explained the situation to the satisfaction of the courts, leaving his ward free to come and go once more as of old.

One there was who did not try to reconcile herself to the situation. Surelia grew morose and unfriendly even to her father. She felt that she had a right to be angry. Disinherited to make of this low halfbreed's half-daughter a millionairess was certainly the height of injustice.

The girl passed much of her time in her own room, nursing her hard feelings until she began to hate the girl who had so wickedly enticed her father to his undoing.

Why did not Rand come back? Her little pique against him had long since vanished; she wanted to see him ever so much and indulge a good cry on his breast. He did not come, however, not even to the house to see her father.

"I'll go away and never look at one of them again," cried the girl. "I am smart enough to earn my own living I guess. Papa'll soon be turned out as well as I. A woman who could scheme to get everything away from papa is mean enough to do anything."

Surelia dressed herself in her best and, with a small satchel containing a few necessaries, stepped through the back door one afternoon, her mind fully made up to go far away and seek a new home among strangers.

She had talked with Professor Shaffenberger and he had asked her to come up into the northern woods and partake of bungalow hospitality. His wife Cleopatra would be delighted to meet her.

The daughter of the house of Kranbourne had a small sum of money, sufficient for present needs, which she had on her person.

Perhaps, after she was gone, her father would turn the scheming Imelda Arden adrift and call for his daughter to come home to his arms. In any event she vowed she would not return while that creature homed at Hillhaven.

"Where are you going, dear?"

There in the path by the summerhouse stood "that creature," smiling and looking like a child with a new toy. Rejoicing no doubt over the victory she had won over a too confiding man.

Surelia shivered and drew back.

"Go away," she cried, "I don't wish to see your face."

The heiress held out a friendly hand. "I have just come from Giles," said she. "We have been discussing you, dear."

"You wretch! I'd thank you to leave me out of your gabs with my father. Faugh! you make me sick, you sneaking little redskin! I've always heard that Indians are treacherous, now I know!"

Surelia held her head high and looked quite over the bronze crown of her wicked rival. A white, half startled expression flitted into the brown eyes opposite.

"Don't, Surelia," said the tall girl pleadingly. "I want to be your friend if you will only let me—"

"Go off about your business. I don't want to talk with you," harshly uttered the daughter of the house.

"But—"

"Not another word; I won't listen," and Surelia stamped her foot. Her violet eyes were burning, her cheeks flushing with internal fire. She moved as if to pass the tall usurper; that person, however, would not have it so. She put forth a detaining hand.

"You shall not go like this," said she, with pale yet determined face. "I know you have hated me all along, Surelia, but it has not been my fault."

With gentle firmness the speaker led Surelia into the summerhouse and seated her. Crouching at her feet on the pebbly soil, Imelda laid her head in the lap of Surelia and began to cry.

This was wholly a surprise to the daughter of Kranbourne. She had always regarded Imelda in the light of a heartless schemer. Tears were ever an open sesame to the heart of Surelia. She softened now, and bent above the sobbing Miss Arden with a half sob of contrition from her own lips.

"I am sorry if I have been too harsh in my judgment, Imelda," whispered Surelia. "I did not mean to be; but you know how it is. Papa hasn't a thing left; he has trusted you, and—and if you should choose you can turn him adrift at any time. As for me, I propose to forestall such a fate by going at once."

"But you aren't going at all, Surelia, dear," cried the other, rising quickly and sitting beside the girl, clasping her hands tightly. Then she kissed her on the cheek, saying: "It was all arranged to suit your father, against my fervid protest. Ask him if you don't believe me, dear."

"Oh, but I shan't ask him."

"Then you will believe me, dear?" There was such a sad pleading in that voice the other girl was at last touched.

"I'll try," she said softly.

"Oh, thank you ever so much."

The arms of the heiress went about her companion and she hugged her in a very warm, very sisterly embrace.

Thus the two girls sat when tall, handsome Rand Calcraft peered into the open door of the summerhouse. He stood in respectful silence one instant, the next he started to retreat when the voice of Surelia held him in his tracks.

"Oh, Rand, come at last!"

With a little ecstatic shriek Surelia was up and at her lover's breast.

"I am so glad you have come, Randy," blurted the girl. "I have wanted to see you so bad and ask your forgiveness."

"Tut, tut, little girl," and Calcraft led her back to a seat.

Imelda got up and would have gone out had not the tall land-cruiser detained her with a gesture. In his hand he waved a soft old bit of lace that, the moment it caught her eye, Imelda cried in gleeful surprise: "My lost handkerchief! Where did you find it, Mr. Calcraft?"

"Where you dropped it in your flight from Mrs. Trenton's some weeks ago."

"Oh, thank you ever so much. I value that bit of old lace highly."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Why, you ask," with a sudden uplift of the regal head a glow of deep feeling in the dark, misty eyes, "because it was my mother's!"

"Your mother's? Oh, Imelda, make no idle assertions now!" He was trembling with a strenuous emotion. "Who was your mother? Not Tonkaway's wife?"

"No, indeed," and again that proud uplift of the regal head. "One of Tonkaway's relatives, a full blood Chippewa, stole me when a child somewhere in the West—Minnesota, I think."

"Yes, I know, I know!" ejaculated Rand. "You were stolen when your parents resided temporarily in northern Minnesota. They thought you were drowned in the Mississippi, and went back East mourning you as dead. I thank God you are at last restored to friends. Your mother died years ago of a broken heart. One moment, Imelda."

The tall land-cruiser stepped to her side and pushed his fingers beneath the high collar of the girl's shirtwaist.

"Please don't!" gasped the girl. "That was made by a burn; I always hide the scar with my collar—"

"A birthmark, Imelda! I know; the truth has come at last; you are Erma Evangeline, my own and only sister!"

A crunching step was heard just then. While the two girls stood in wonder and dismay over Calcraft's revelations, a man halted at the entrance and peered in upon them.

It was Giles Kranbourne, his face bright and smiling.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SUNSHINE CONTINUES.

"I have been looking for you," said the lumberman, addressing his daghter, at the same time smiling on both Imelda and the land-cruiser. "Now that I find you together, so much the better. I hope there will be no secrets between us hereafter."

Surelia, with averted gaze, shot past her parent and darted to the rear of the house.

No one attempted to stop her; none perhaps knew, unless it was Imelda, that the girl had designed to flee from home.

"Giles," and the hoydenish Miss Arden turned to her guardian with a timid little smile, "Rand and I have been exchanging confidences. He saved me from much annoyance during my late little expedition into the north woods—"

"Yes, yes, Imelda," interjected the lumberman, a happy light in his eyes, "we heard all about that, and Mr. Calcraft has our joint thanks for his gallant defense of you against those who would have sent you to prison. But, my dear, you must remember that you went on this little escapade of yours against my express command."

"Your command, Giles?" with a pout and toss of the head.

"My express wishes at least, Imelda."

"And it's worked out all right hasn't it, you horrid tyrant?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but—"

"But tell me why you offered that reward for my return, dead or alive?"

"To tell the truth, girl, I was fearful that something had happened you—"

"I know, I know," cried she, with a laugh. "You really imagined I had gone for good, and with all your fortune; isn't it so?"

"No, Imelda, no. I was alone concerned for your personal welfare. I trust you believe me."

The earnest light in the speaker's eyes

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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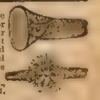

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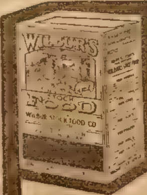

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Or, The Boys From Allaback's

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CHAPTER X.

OUT OF DURANCE.

WHEN our friend Tony discovered the young girl in the room whither he had been conducted after his apprehension by Chalk he had hopes of release, but when she told him that she dared not cut his bonds his heart sank within him.

"No," repeated the girl, "I dare not release you."

"You had nothing to do with my coming here," replied the boy from Allaback's. "Mr. Chalk did it all."

"You must have crossed him in some manner."

"I doubtless did. Does he live here?"

"Sometimes," answered the girl, as she drew off towards the window and tried to look down into the street. "What is your name?"

"Tony Tripp."

"Do you live in the city?"

"Yes, but I haven't lived here always I am from the country"

"I have never seen the country," said the girl with a sigh, "I have heard about it. What is it like?"

Amused at her question, Tony proceeded and told about the region around Allaback's, the farms, the trees, the flowers and the clear blue sky. She listened intently.

"I believe I could live there!" she cried. "Here one sees not a speck of sky for days and the tall buildings blot out the sunlight. Why didn't you stay in the country?"

Tony told her why he did not.

All the while he believed the sympathies of the girl were being drawn towards him. Her looks softened and at last she came back from the window and stood once more beside him.

"I don't see why Mr. Chalk tied you to the chair unless he was afraid of you."

"Why should he be? He's a man while I'm but a boy"

She slipped away to the door that opened from the room and pulled it ajar. Putting her head into the hallway which Tony could see she remained silent for a moment and then came back to him.

"If I untie you I'll have to go away from here," said she, looking into his face.

"Have you no other home?"

"None other."

"Are you Chalk's girl?"

"He is not my father," she said quickly. "I can hardly tell you how he came into my life."

Tony waited. Her hands moved towards the cords and rested upon them. He held his breath. Surely freedom was at hand.

All at once she sprang back and uttered a little cry. The next moment she had put out the light and the room was dark once more

He heard her flying footsteps as she ran down the hall and they died away somewhere within the mysterious building.

What had frightened the girl Tony did not know. Perhaps she would come back when her fright was over, but that was only guess work.

"If I could only get out of this trap I'll take care not to get into another," thought he. "It's Chalk's revenge and if he comes back he's likely to add to his villiany."

As yet he had not reported to Mr. Shell, the inspector, and he was anxious to tell him about the man who had come to the little jewelry store.

All at once the girl came back.

"It was only Tinky," she said with a smile.

"Who's Tinky?" asked Tony.

"Tinky's a newsy who sleeps in the back part of the house. He's a one-armed little fellow who has no home."

"You thought it was Chalk, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You're not afraid of Tinky betraying you?"

"He wouldn't do that for the world," laughed the girl. "We're two persons in misery and Tinky's a cute little mite not much higher than that," and she held her hand a little distance above the carpet.

The next moment she was tugging at the knots of the strong cords that held Tony to the chair. They were so well tied by the hands of Chalk that both soon discovered that she had a task on her hands.

"Tinky's good at knots, I know he is," she said, drawing back at last.

She darted from the room and soon returned with the owner of the queer name. He was indeed a mite, not over three feet high, with the brightest pair of eyes Tony had ever seen in a human head. He had but one hand, as the girl had said, but he was an adept with it. It did not take the newsboy long to master the intricacies of the knots and at last the feat was accomplished.

"There!" cried Tinky, stepping back and looking at Tony. "I guess you're all right now."

The boy from Allaback's stood free of the torture chair and drew a breath of relief.

"I thank both of you," he cried. "I'll never forget your assistance."

"Don't mention it, please," replied the girl with a satisfied smile. "I reckon Tinky and I will have to reckon with Mr. Chalk if he finds us out."

"Oh," cried the newsboy bravely, "I'm not afraid of Chalk. What's he but a big blusterer?"

"But he's strong, Tinky," said the girl.

"Yes, a big brute."

"I don't like him either."

"What did he tie you to the chair for?" asked the dwarf.

"He doesn't like me, I guess," was the reply. "Since he may come back soon, I've got to get away."

Tony moved forward and was soon in the hallway. In another moment he stood on the landing below

One of these days he would settle with the great hulk of a ruffian. He had no doubt that Chalk was concerned in the transaction which he had witnessed in the jewelry store and he was anxious to acquaint Mr. Shell with the facts.

Down the street he went almost as fast as his nimble legs could carry him. He found Mr. Shell's office closed for the night and was forced to turn away.

Eager now to find Billy, he turned his face towards De Koven street and in a short time he opened the door of their little room

Billy was not sight.

He was about to turn away when the door opened and he stood face to face with the man who had pawned his watch with Sharp & O'Dell.

Tony started at sight of him. This was Billy's lost relative and the moment he saw Tony he came forward.

"I'm glad I've found you," said the man. "You're the boy who works for Sharp & O'Dell?"

"I did, but I'm not now in their employ," said Tony.

"You remember the watch deal I had with them?"

"Yes, distinctly"

"Why, sir, those sharks refuse to give my watch up, saying that the time is out."

"Yes?"

"I must have that watch back. It is one of the most precious of my possessions. Well, if you're not in their employ any longer I won't bother you."

"Sit down, Mr. Bates," said Tony "If you wait awhile you may see one of your relations."

The man started.

"I don't know what you mean. I have no relatives."

"Are you sure of that? I know a Billy Bates and he is my roommate."

"Where from?"

"From Allaback's in Jersey."

Evan Bates relapsed into a state of reflection and at last said:

"He might be, after all. I had a brother in Jersey once, but I never heard that he had a son."

He took a seat and put his hat on the table. Tony resumed the conversation till he heard footsteps on the stairs.

"Billy's coming now," said he.

The door opened and a head was poked into the room. The man gave a sharp cry and sprang to his feet.

"It's the very rascal I want to see," said he. "It's Sam O'Dell!"

Sure enough the broker stood in the doorway, gazing blankly at Evan Bates and Tony before he could withdraw Tony's vistor was in the hall. There came sounds of a hard struggle and at last Evan Bates came back dragging the big form of O'Dell with him.

"I want my property," he was saying between gasps. "You've got to give up my watch or I'll choke you to death!"

Sam O'Dell was flung to the floor and Tony saw how white his face was.

Evan Bates was nearly beside himself with rage. Tony had never seen a man in such a towering passion. He was afraid he would carry out his threat then and there.

"I haven't got your watch," whined O'Dell

"But you're keeping it against the agreement," was the reply. "You and your partner, Jasper Sharp are trying to rob me"

"The time had expired"

"Nothing of the kind!" cried Bates. "You must give up the watch and right away."

"But it's not here."

"Oh, it's at your office in the steel safe, I suppose?"

"Yes"

Tony feared that if Sam was released he would get away and that would be the last they would see of him.

"I'm not fool enough to let you go," said Evan Bates, evidently reading O'Dell's thoughts. "Do you know the combination of the safe, Mr. Tony?"

"Yes, Uncle Jasper taught me how to open the safe."

Sam O'Dell growled like a wild beast.

"You've got the key to the office, Mr. O'Dell? Hand it to the boy. I'll keep guard over you till he comes back with my watch."

There was a show of refusal on O'Dell's part, but Evan Bates gave him a look which sent the cold chills through him and he sullenly handed over the key to the office in Gold street.

"Bring me the watch," said Evan Bates, looking at Tony, as he picked up the key. "You'll have plain sailing since you know the combination."

At this moment the door opened and Billy sprang into the room. He halted a moment he took in the situation.

"Your uncle, Billy," said Tony, waving his hand to the man who was guarding Sam O'Dell. "I'll be back presently."

With this he put off and was soon on his way to the office where he had served time with his Uncle Jasper

A thrilling thought flashed through his brain. In that same safe were the jewels of Mrs. Moore of Pineapple street.

CHAPTER XI.

A DANGEROUS MISSION.

The reader will readily recall Tony's interview on the street in front of the moving picture show with his Uncle Jasper. Since that time of course he had not seen his relative.

If he could have entered a cert hou e some distance from the bus part of the city he would have to face with Sam O'Dell's partner

Jasper Sharp was sitting

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cert med-chair in a small but well busi ed room in his own dwelling. He a widower and childless and among business associates had a fairly good e. It was always said that but for partner Sam O'Dell, who never had business standing, Jasper Sharp ld stand high in business circles. It the shadow of his associate, in other ds it was a typical case of "poor dcg ."

sper Sharp seemed to have aged years in as many hours. He looked a man who was about to do some g desperate.

ll at once he struck the table with hand and uttered an agonizing cry. f I only had the nerve to do it!" he d. "I am bound hand and foot to O'Dell and there's no hope for me so as he holds me in bondage."

e rose to his feet and began to pace room, wringing his hands like a per in despair.

ll at once he heard the bell and then falls went towards the street door. A gentleman to see you, Mr. Sharp," ounced the servant who immediately ished.

moment afterward the door opened Jerrold the city shark entered the mber. He gave Jasper Sharp one and coolly sat down.

sper did not speak. This was the man he had expected to see in his house.

What is wanting, Mr. Jerrold?" he ed, clearing his throat.

've called on a little business," was reply as the speaker crossed his legs. r. Sharp might have noticed that old wore good, sporty clothes and his mustache was waxed and the of his face cleanly shaven.

Proceed," was the reply. "We are e and I cannot give you much time g to an engagement that presses."

ery well. I'll come to the point at . I have just made a little deal and ant some backing. It's not much, Sharp."

Vell?"

have here an agreement which I t endorsed," and the shark took his pocket a bit of paper, the ses of which he smoothed out with hand. "I've got to pledge five thou dollars in order to carry out my of the deal and—"

e stopped of his own accord for the of the man before him had gone and his eyes were fairly flashing.

f you will endorse this paper for me n make the loan at the Grand Cen Bank and get the money."

n other words," said Jasper, "you ply want me to give you five thou l dollars."

t all depends how you view the mat " grinned the immaculate Jerrold. Don't I take the right view of it?"

Perhaps you do, Mr. Sharp. Surely don't intend to refuse me?"

You know, sir, that you have no right expect me to become your endorser any sum," was the reply. "You have financial standing, Mr. Jerrold—"

don't have to have any and if, by way, I should open my mouth how would you have, pray?"

e words seemed to go to Jasper rp's brain like so many arrows.

e bit his lip as his gaze became fixed his visitor. There was much behind words the cool headed scoundrel had it and no one knew it better than broker himself.

o have pen and ink handy," pro ed Jerrold. "Just put your name to paper and the incident will be ed.

sper Sharp recoiled and looked hast around the room.

Do you know what is the proper me for your audacity?" he cried with vehemence.

Call it what you please, sir. It mat little to me."

t's blackmail!"

ou're rather plain, sir," and Jasper ted the ends of his mustache in an ravating manner.

dare not submit to your proposi "

Don't be so fast, Mr. Sharp," was the rt, accompanied by a malicious grin. you utterly refuse I'll just make a statement to certain parties that be interesting."

ou mean that you will inform the e?"

xactly."

ve been a fool," cried Jasper Sharp the words seemed to be forced from "I'm a moth that played round the le too long. You're a monster, Jer "

ebbe I am," was the reply. "You what your safe holds at the of "

eavens, man—"

ou see I'm not altogether ignorant me things," interrupted Jerrold, un ing his legs and rising. "If you care to transact business with me ht I'll go elsewhere."

ome back," exclaimed the broker as man walked towards the door. ere's your infamous paper?"

"Here, sir," and Jerrold extended the bit of fluttering white. "I only want your endorsement."

Jasper Sharp nearly snatched it from Jerrold's hand and went to the table. Seating himself there he picked up a pen and dashed his well known signature at the bottom.

"There!" he cried flinging the paper at Jerrold. "There's your blood money."

With a mock bow Jerrold took the document and looked at the broker's name.

"It's all right, sir," said he. "I thank you very much, Mr. Sharp. You can now fill your engagement."

With these words he thrust the paper in his pocket and moved to the door.

Tony's uncle heard the man close the door behind him and with a low cry he sank into the depths of the chair.

He looked the picture of despair.

"Sam O'Dell is at the bottom of this!" he exclaimed. "That man Jerrold is in league with him. Why didn't I start out as an honest man? It isn't too late yet to redeem the past if I only had the courage. I am in the snare of those men."

Presently he seemed to take courage of some kind for he snatched his hat from a rack and darted from the house. His feet seemed to spurn the stones beneath them.

A few minutes later he reached the vicinity of the office in Gold street. The Mohawk Block loomed between him and the heavens and he plunged into the building. He found the elevator boy asleep in his chair.

As the lad looked into his face Jasper Sharp placed a crisp bill into his hand and stepped into the lift.

"Remember, Charley, I haven't been here tonight," he said and the boy nodded.

A wild but determined expression lit up the broker's eyes as he almost ran down the corridor leading to the office of Sharp & O'Dell.

The great building seemed deserted.

He stopped and looked around like a burglar. When he had gained the door he unlocked it and entered the place.

Without turning on the light he went to the table in the middle of the room and then over to the steel safe in the corner. It did not take him long to open it. The heavy doors swung back revealing the interior of the safe and he stooped before it.

"It's a desperate chance I'm taking," he said half aloud as he thrust his hand forward and opened a little metallic drawer. "If Sam knew this—"

He did not finish the sentence for he found some papers in the drawer which he took out and carried over to the table. A ray of light came into the room through the half open transom and he was enabled to sort the papers he had abstracted.

From among them he selected one paper which he opened and read in silence.

If that paper were missing he could defy those who knew his secret. In other words, he would no longer be in the power of Sam O'Dell and Jerrold.

Jasper Sharp folded the paper and put it back. He hadn't the courage to keep it.

He gathered up all the papers and moved across the room again towards the safe.

At this very moment a figure was moving down the corridor beyond the office. It threw a boyish shadow on one of the walls as it approached the door.

Tony Tripp had reached the building on his mission in Evan Bates' interest.

The boy from Allaback's caught hold of the knob and turned it softly and without noise. To his surprise the door was not locked and he had no occasion to make use of Sam O'Dell's key.

Noiselessly Tony entered the office. He did not wholly close the door behind him.

"I won't be here long," he said to himself. "I'll open the safe, get the watch and slip out."

In another moment he was half way across the room and was in the act of bending towards the steel safe when a figure in front of it sprang up with a cry.

Tony recoiled with a startling ejaculation and seemed riveted to the floor with horror. He could not see just whom he confronted.

"Who are you? Stand back!" cried Jasper Sharp.

The voice startlingly revealed the truth. Tony stood face to face with his uncle Jasper.

For a moment not another sound was heard in that room. Tony who now saw the drawn features of his relative and also noticed the open safe door, knew that his relative was not there from any honest purpose.

"What!—is—it—you—Tony?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What brought you here?"

What could the boy from Allaback's say? He fell back to the table, the edge of which he clutched with one hand to steady himself, while he studied the face before him.

At last he spoke.

"I came for Evan Bates' watch," said he.

"Who sent you?"

"Evan Bates himself."

"But how did you expect to get into the office?"

"I have Sam O'Dell's key."

"Where is he?"

"Mr. Bates is watching him till I return."

"Tony! Tony!" cried Jasper Sharp. "Don't betray me. I came here to save my name." His voice died away in a groan.

With this he jerked the door open and the three left behind heard him stamping out of the house in his unchecked anger.

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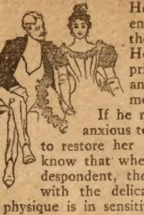

He didn't complain if you were a little despondent or irritable at times. Now he does. He's the same man. He didn't understand then. He doesn't now. Then he thought it was caprice and liked it. Now he thinks it is caprice and doesn't like it. But now he's busy getting money.

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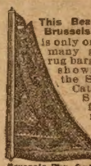

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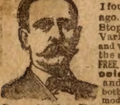

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David Grant's Sacrifice.

(Continued from page seven.)

almost called aloud his name. Then, like a flash, came the conviction that she had no right to betray the secret David had nearly died to preserve.

"We can't—you must not go on and leave the poor man like this!" burst from her white lips.

"He's entirely out of danger," assured the physician. He saw nothing amiss in his daughter's compassion for a stranger. "Thanks to his friend's good sense in applying plenty of wet packs and giving him cool water to drink, Mr. Brink will be about in a few days.

"See," he said, turning to Alf, "there is a moisture on his skin. Every drop is a life ransom. Your friend will be ready to go north before the rains."

"I'll have him on the move as soon as he can travel," Alf declared.

"Where will you go?" Ada ventured. She had a vague idea of keeping David within reach of her pen, of sending occasional words of cheer.

"That is more 'en I can tell, miss," Alf parried with ready wit. "John Brent's liable to go most anywhere. Shouldn't wonder if he'd join a North pole hunting outfit. He's a rolling stone, is Brent."

While waiting in their shifted noonday camp for the cool part of the day when the onward march commenced, Ada withdrew in her tent and thought intently of what she had discovered. Her throbbing brain presented the astounding incident in every aspect. Was it best to enlighten her father and secure his further medical aid for the fugitive? Would David wish her to remain until he could recognize the face of a friend? Could she trust the members of their party with Grant's safety if, later, he was surprised into disclosing his identity?

Every honorable instinct warned her that this accidental knowledge was not hers to dispose of whatever her wish might be. Finally she reluctantly decided that David's safety was best served by their departure. With trembling hands she wrote a note of abiding love, of unshaken faith, of hope. Enclosing it in an envelope she addressed the missive to John Brent and placed it in Alf's care.

By night the tourists were camped many miles south at the next hunting ground, well on their way out of the jungle before rains flooded Africa. In the meantime Alf had placed the letter beneath Grant's pillow and was drawing his own conclusions concerning violet-scented, azure-hued messages from a pretty girl to his ideal hero.

"Bet a dollar," he muttered, as he wiped the gathering moisture from his friend's face, "the inside of that blue envelope will do Johnny B. as much good as a bunch of Kawtoo's greegrees."

The following day brought the light of sanity to the sick man's eyes and weak, but coherent, speech from his lips. Day by day the patient gained slowly—so slowly that Alf, who was relieved from work by Hindman, feared a relapse.

"The matter is," Hindman diagnosed, "Brink lacks incentive. He acts like a man who don't want to get well."

"In that case," Alf decided mentally, "I'll give him his greegree and see it it's the right sort. It'll probably excite him into a fever, but I'll risk it."

Thrusting his hand beneath David's pillow, he held to view the letter addressed in fine Italian hand.

"What's that?" Grant inquired, raising his lack-luster eyes to Alf's noncommittal face.

"Letter left here by the doctor's daughter," Alf explained briefly.

"Alf," Grant called after his vanishing friend in an astonishingly strong voice, "what was the name of that doctor?"

"Carroll," Alf reappeared a moment at the tent door to inform him. "He's a big Scotchman from the States—a regular Cardiff giant."

But Grant was tearing open the delicate envelope with hands that shook as with palsy. His brightening eyes greedily scanned the message as one reads a communication from the dead. Bewildered, amazed, he read and re-read the heaven-sent page. Doubting his senses, he absorbed the life-giving contents, burnt them as with altar fire on brain and heart, then pressed the precious missive to his parched lips. When Alf returned to note the effect—good or bad—of the only letter his friend had received in over two years, he found tears streaming down the patient's hollow cheeks. Hastily retreating, he returned to the camp fire and vigorously stirred the contents of the stew kettle.

"Now, I wonder," he muttered, "whether that squall indicates fair weather or foul."

"Eh? What baas say?" Tom inquired solicitously.

"I say, can a man get a wife with greegrees?" Alf stated, selecting words suited to the cook's vocabulary.

"Yas, baas," assured Tom. "Get plenty wives with greegrees. Baas want one?"

Ten days or less after Grant's perusal of his beloved one's letter he was up and about camp on unsteady feet. But notwithstanding his weakness, every movement showed a new alertness of mind and energy of purpose.

"We must get at something worth while," he planned with Alf. "We'll go where there's mining and try for gold."

This decision in itself was enlightening. Nine times out of ten a man digs gold for the sake of some woman. Ada's letter had fired the fugitive with the desire to quickly amass riches that he might suitably approach her. Great wealth and the erasing power of time might overcome much. Her sweet optimism had set tingling every nerve. All things seemed possible.

"In that case," stipulated Alf, "let's stake out claims away North. I've had enough broiling in Tophet."

"We'll fit out in Seattle and take passage for the Klondike," decided Grant.

"What do you know about that!" cried Alf. "Nome's an old story, but I reckon Alask's spread 'round so we can find the stuff. I'm your Barkis."

(Continued next week.)

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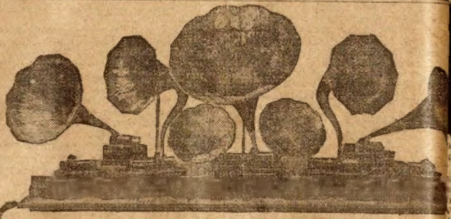

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lda Arden's Crime.

(Continued from page eleven.)

rtainly convincing. Imelda darted -side, put up her lips for a kiss, brown eyes dancing mischievously. d he did not deny her a tender em- . Calcraft, when he saw the lum- n's lips come in contact with those sister, frowned and looked any- but pleased.

u are satisfied now are you not, of dear child?"

oh, yes, Giles; and you—what do nk of me? You won't distrust me er, will you, 'cause you know I have run away with your entire e just as well as not."

you returned voluntarily?"

know I did, Giles."

I think I do. How about this toine—"

ll right. I have proved to my on that he is the genuine heir oney left by Toukaway. I have n thousand dollars, with inter- fteen years added, to his credit rk City Bank. Did I do right,

atically yes, dear girl."

he kissed her while she faced with burning blushes. The lat- still frowning.

ere must be no secrets between us after, Giles—Rand," said she with a laugh. "As I told you a moment Rand and I have been swapping nces. Did he ever tell you any of ily history, Giles?"

much."

f his once being a far Western

yes, come to think, he did say about some Western adven- had when a boy. He lost a o was drowned—"

rowned, but stolen by the ans, Giles. Tonkaway adopted little a Evangeline; she afterward fell to guardianship—and now let me in- uce my best and onliest brother, Sir s Kranbourne. Shake hands with husband, Randy boy!"

hat—husband—yours, Erma!" gasp- he astounded land-cruiser. He yet, ever, was able to grasp the proffered l of the lumberman, and press it nly at that.

ly, turn dear, darlingest hubby, d," laughed the girl. "What do you k of your sister's choice anyhow?"

t's all right of course; but when did appen?" stammered Calcraft.

t didn't happen," blurted Imelda; "it ply took place privately down at the cher's house we visited that day, soon afterward I deserted hubby and away to the woods. I had a grand time anyhow. Saved my brother's too, so there was a providence in my page after all."

lcraft walked from that interview a dazed sense of wonderment. It like a weird dream. His being toward Imelda at first sight was accounted for. She was his sister, happily married. She was also a rich woman, although she would e equal division with her husband, knew, when the time was ripe.

nd now, Surelia, what have you to to this examination of a silly headed who thought himself in love with n sister?"

Calcraft had told the whole to his first love and stood now like penitant schoolboy confessing to a misdemeanor.

" now lies with you, Surelia," he de- d, "whether I remain a citizen of k City or not. My sister is the happy of your father—your most august mother, while I am the most miser- man on earth unless—"

nless what, Rand?"

e girl stood half bashfully regarding stalwart lover.

nless you forgive me for making a of myself—"

h, that is forgiven, Rand."

nd you will be my wife, Surelia?" eaned toward her expectantly.

es, Rand," placing her hand in his. ill be your wife."

The end.

* * *

onquest of the Moon.

(Continued from page four.)

e he had seen on his employer's desk he preceding afternoon. That, he ght, must have been what the ker had carried with such exceeding to the vault and locked up with ostentatious caution. He recalled the peculiar twitch to a corner of banker's grim mouth he had then ed, because the same twitch was curving a corner of the set lips.

u have the keys, sir?" he inquired ently.

, yes, here they are," and from a aled desk drawer the magnate drew nall ring of dangling keys and ped them into Raymond's hand.

any surreptitious eye had scanned nancier's face during the absence of ecretary, the twitching mouth cor- oupled with a nervous expectancy e glance would not have escaped . The round white spots in the cheeks were plainly apparent, too. oughout the five-minute wait the of the room was broken only once. was when the telephone bell ed softly. Dorgan answered the nly in impatient monosyllables. He barely replaced the receiver when ond flung open the door, stumbled the room and in a voice he tried to from any mark of agitation ex- oned:

here's no package there, sir. Box empty."

Dorgan rose ponderously to his The diamond expert rose expect-

ty?" repeated the banker. "Oh, foolish. I put in the package and myself."

pty now," insisted the only that but I went there."

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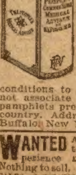
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

LITTLE GREEN GOBLINS.

Deep in the forest lived little green goblins,
Green were their eyes, green, green as the sea;
Green were their legs and their little round bodies;
Green was their hair, green, green as could be.

Green were their arms and the tips of their fingers;
Green were their eyebrows, their teeth and their chins;
Green were their noses and green were their foreheads;
Green were their scowlings, and green were their grins.

Green waterproofs wore these little green goblins,
Prickly and rough as a porcupine's coat.
Waterproofs worn in the nighttime and daytime,
Fitted as snug as the skin of a goat.

High in the trees swung these little green goblins,
Swinging and tossing in careless delight,
Many twin brothers with green arms enfolded,
Danced through the daytime and swung through the night.

Two dreadful foes had the little green goblins.
One was the fall wind, who whistled and blew,
Blew from the trees all the little green brothers,
Who helplessly fell from the place where they grew.

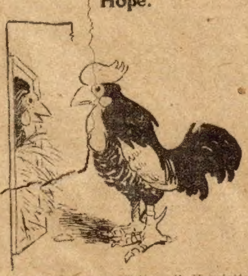
One other foe had the little green goblins,
Jack Frost, the giant, who shivered apart
All the rough coats of the little green goblins
Clear to the shell of each little brown heart.

Deep in the earth crept the little green goblins,
Crept there and slept there the long winter through.
When in the springtime the Father Sun called them,
Little green chestnut trees wakened and grew.

A Big Black Bear.

There was a big black bear that lived in Sullivan county, New York. He is no longer living in Sullivan county or any other county. He is dead, and James Call shot him. The bear needed shooting, be[illegible] burglar. He should have been asleep all winter, as good bears do, but instead he crawled out of his cave or hollow tree while everything was covered with snow. There was nothing that he could eat, and so he waddled over to the house where James Call lived. It is not much of a house, because people do not build houses of brick and stone in such a wild land as that part of Sullivan county, and so the bear could easily dig his way into the cellar, where he could smell things to eat. He ate all the apples and potatoes that had been stored there, and nobody interfered with him, because there was nobody at home. The owner did not come home until the bear had finished the apples and potatoes and had begun on the onions. The onions got into his eyes and made him cry and sneeze. The crying did not matter, but the sneezing did, because the man upstairs heard it and got his gun and shot the big black bear so full of lead that he never ate another apple or potato or onion.

Hope.



Robert Rooster—Well, well, Henrietta, you look very happy this morning?

Sitting Henrietta—Happy? Well, I should say I am! Last night I found a crack in the door knob I've been sitting on for the last six months and I believe I'm going to be able to hatch it!

A Candle.

Grown persons as well as children will get a great deal of pleasure out of the following tricks:

Put a nail in the end of a candle and set it all in a glass filled with water. The nail will steady the candle, which will burn until nothing remains, always rising above the surface of the water by reason of the decrease in weight.

Take a small picture cut from a paper or book and wrap it tightly around a candle. Light a match or another candle and hold the flame near until the paper becomes transparent. Unwrap the paper, and every one will be astonished to find the picture printed on the candle.

Put a candle unlighted in a basin of water. Let several try to take it out with their mouths, not touching the candle with their hands. Every one will fail. Then you put your face in the water, and, when your mouth is near the end of the candle, draw in a deep breath and the suction of the water will draw the candle into your mouth.

Allow some drops from a lighted candle to fall into a basin of cold water. This grease will form flowers. String these on a wire with green leaves made from paper, and an interesting plant will be the result.

Heat a piece of wire and stick it crosswise through the middle of a candle. Make a wick at both ends. Balance the candle on two tumblers. Light the wicks, and the dropping of the candle grease will make the candle see-saw faster and faster as the flame grows hotter. This is a pretty experiment and will cause a great deal of amusement to young and old alike.

Trained Horses.

It would be quite natural to think, when we see the wonderful things that trained horses are made to do in the circus of today, that all this belongs to modern times, and that such things were never done or even thought of among the ancients. But the truth is that all the wonderful feats performed by trained horses now are merely repetitions of what was done several hundred years ago.

Horses were then trained to dance on their hind legs and to fight mock battles, striking at their enemies with their fore feet, and to perform many other so-called "tricks." One of the most wonderful feats ever learned by a horse was in the olden time. A large, three-sided braided rope was stretched several feet from the ground, and on this the horse walked, preserving its balance perfectly.

Even the elephant was trained in the olden time to perform many feats. Mention is made of one that walked the tight rope, and not only near the ground. If we may believe what the old writers say, it also walked a rope stretched above the heads of the spectators and carried a man on its back.

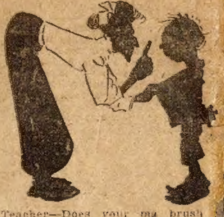
Patriotic Kittens.

Mr. Albone's tiger cat was found one morning with five little kittens. That was nothing strange in Middleport, N. Y., where Mr. Albone and his cat live, but there was something queer about the kittens. Two of them were ordinary pussy cats, but the other three had succeeded in beating the famous Siamese twins. All three of them were joined together by a thick strip of flesh. Moreover the one in the middle was white, and at one side there was a blue Maltese and at the other side a kitten of reddish brown color. They were immediately named Red, White and Blue and have borne those names ever since.

BE CHEERFUL.

When teacher tells you to recite,
Step up at once and do it right.
When mother asks you for a thing,
Jump quickly and as quickly bring.
And everything you do or say,
Why, do it in a cheerful way.

Explained.



Teacher—Does your ma brush hair like that?

Tommy—No'm.

Teacher—Who does, then?

Tommy—I fell down on de wa school an' de street sweeper ran me.

GREETINGS.

American and English—How do do?

French—How do you carry yours

Italian—How do you stand?

German—How do you find yoursel

Dutch—How do you fare?

Swedish—How can you?

Chinese—How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?

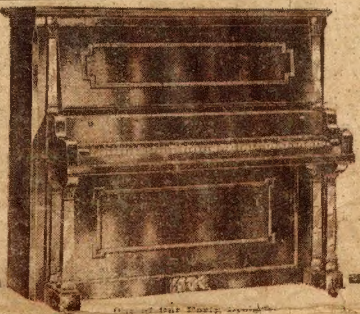
Polish—How do you have yourself?

Russian—How do you live on?

Persian—May thy shadow never less?

They all mean pretty much the thing.

When you see a mountain stays right where it is.



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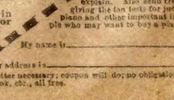

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